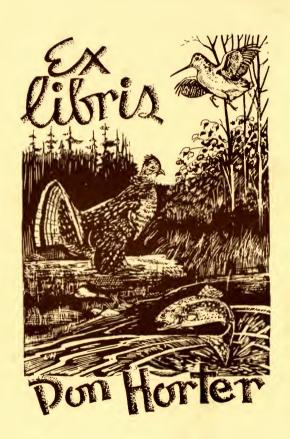


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YE GODS

AND LITTLE

FISHES







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TO

ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY
in remembrance of the pleasant
days spent in his company on the
sunny shores of Greece
this travesty on the first
Great Naval Expedition
is respectfully inscribed
by
THE AUTHOR





In this travesty of the Quest of the Golden Fleece I have followed the route, and noted the incidents, as recorded in "The Argonautica" of Apollonius Rhodius, and as translated into English prose by Edward P. Coleridge, B.A., Oxford, England, from the revised text of R. Merkel, from the Laurentian MS. (Leipzig, 1852, Teubner's small edition.)

For the anachronisms, pseudo-poetics and mockheroics (for which I have obtained a special mechanical license), and other absurdities, I must alone be held responsible and amenable to a patient and long-suffering public.

Bozeman, Montana.

THE AUTHOR.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE "ARGONAUTICA."

Tyro, the daughter of Salmoneus, had two sons by Poseidon, Neleus and Pelias; she afterwards wedded Cretheus, son of Æolus, and bore to him Æson, Pheres, and Amythaon. From Æson sprang Jason; from Pheres, Admetus; from Amythaon, Melampus.

Now Jason was handed over to the Centaur Chiron to be brought up and to learn the art of healing; while Æson, his father, left the kingdom to Pelias, his own brother, bidding him rule Thessaly until Jason's return from Chiron. But Pelias had received an oracle from Apollo, bidding him beware of a man who should come with only one sandal; for by him should he be slain.

So Jason grew up, and came to his uncle, for to take his share in his father's kingdom. But when he came to the river Anaurus, which is in Thessaly, wishing to ford it, there upon the bank he found Hera in the disguise of an old dame, and she would cross, but was afraid. Then did Jason take her upon his shoulders, and carry her safe over, but one sandal left he in the mud in the middle of the river. Thence he fared to the city with his one sandal, and there he found an assembly of the folk, and Pelias doing sacrifice to the gods. When Pelias saw him thus he minded him of the oracle, and being eager to be rid of him he set him this task, that he should go to Scythia in quest of the Golden Fleece, and then receive the kingdom. Now this he did from no

wish for the Fleece, but because he thought that Jason would be slain by some man in that strange land, or be shipwrecked.

This is the story of the Golden Fleece.

—(From the Greek of the Scholiasts.)

There was a curse in the family of Æolus from the day that two members of it, Athamas and his wife Ino, ill-treated Phrixus and Helle, two other Æolids. Zeus saved the two intended victims and put a curse upon the guilty family, which could not be revoked until the Golden Fleece was brought from Colchis to Hellas.

A SECOND ARGUMENT.

Athamas, the son of Æolus, and brother of Cretheus. . had to wife Nephele first, and begat two children. Phrixus and Helle. When Nephele died, he married Ino. who did plot against the children of Nephele, and persuaded her country-women to roast the seed for sowing: but the earth, receiving roasted seed, would not bear her yearly crops. So Athamas sent to Delphi to inquire about the barrenness: but Ino bribed his messengers, telling them to return and say, that the god had answered that Helle and Phrixus must be sacrificed if they wanted the barrenness to cease. Wherefore Athamas was persuaded, and placed them at the altar; but the gods in pity snatched them away through the air by means of the ram with the Golden Fleece: now Helle let go, and fell into the sea that bears her name, while Phrixus landed safe in Colchis. There he offered up the ram to Zeus, who helped his flight, for that he had escaped the plot of his step-mother. And having married Chalciope, daughter of Æetes, king of the Scythians, he begat four sons, Argus, Cytissorus, Melas, and Phrontis. And there he died.—(Given by Brunck, from an unknown source.)

THE ROUTE OF THE ARGONAUTS TO ÆA, AND THEIR RETURN THENCE TO IOLCHOS.

There is no particular difficulty in following Argo on her outward voyage, or in identifying the numerous places mentioned by Apollonius along the route; indeed, his knowledge of the geography up to Æa, the goal of the enterprise, is singularly accurate. It is when we attempt to follow his account of the return journey, which was made by a different route, that we find ourselves utterly perplexed, and forced to the conclusion that our author has been drawing purely from imagination, without any idea of the impossibility of the course which he assigns to the heroes.

Briefly, the voyage amounts to this. The Argonauts leave the Pelasgicus Sinus (Gulf of Volo), coast along Thessaly to Thermaicus Sinus (Gulf of Salonica), steer across Ægæum Mare (Archipelago) to the Hellespont (Dardanelles); through this straight into the Propontis (Sea of Mamara); through the Bosporus into the Euxine (Black Sea). Except when they cross the Archipelago, their voyage is almost a coasting one, and is easy to follow on a map.

The return voyage teems with such insurmountable difficulties, and is altogether so hopelessly confused and mythical, that it would be a mere waste of time and patience to attempt to follow it on a modern map

We can only indicate briefly the course the heroes are said to have taken. After crossing the Euxine (Black Sea), they rowed through river-ways right across Dacia, Mœsia, Illyria, and Dalmatia (Bulgaria, Servia, Bosnia, and Herzegovina), into the Adriatic: sailing to Italy, they cross the northern part by the Eridanus (Po); sail into the Rhone, thence into the Mediterranean: right across to the west coast of Italy, along which they pass; through the Lipari islands and the strait of Messina; up the east coast of Italy to the Adriatic again: thence driven by storms, they come to the African coast; being caught in the shoals of the Syrtis they carry Argo overland to lake Tritonis (Bahr Faraouni in Tunis), and finding an outlet into the Mediterranean, sail along the African coast to the coast of Asia Minor, and so into the Ægean homewards.-(Abridged from Coleridge.)

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INTRODUCTION.

With thee, Phœbus, will I begin and record the famous deeds of those men of old time, who, at the bidding of king Pelias, rowed the good ship Argo past the mouth of the Euxine and through the rocks Cyanean to fetch the Golden Fleece.

For Pelias had heard an oracle on this wise, that in the latter days a hateful doom awaited him, even death, at the prompting of one whom he should see come forth from the people with but one sandal. And not long after, according to the sure report, came Jason on foot across the stream of a swollen torrent, and one sandal did he save from 'neath the mud, but the other left he there sticking in the river-bed. So he came to Pelias forthwith to take a part in the solemn feast, which he was offering to his father Poseidon and the other gods, but to Pelasgian Hera he paid no heed. And the instant Pelias saw Jason, he was ware of him, and made ready to his hurt a grevious task of seamanship, that so he might lose his return in the deep or haply among strange folk.

Now minstrels even before my day do tell how Argus by the counsels of Athene built a ship for him; but mine shall it be now to declare the lineage and name of the heroes, and their passage of the long sea, and all that they did in their wanderings; and may the Muses be the heralds of my song!—(Apollonius Rhodius.)

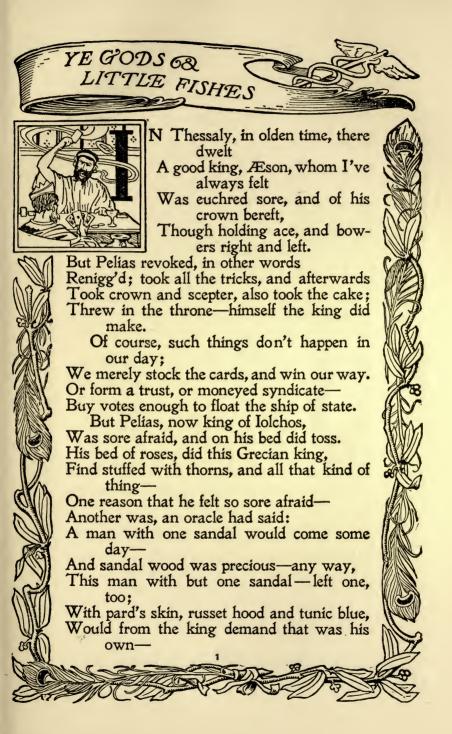
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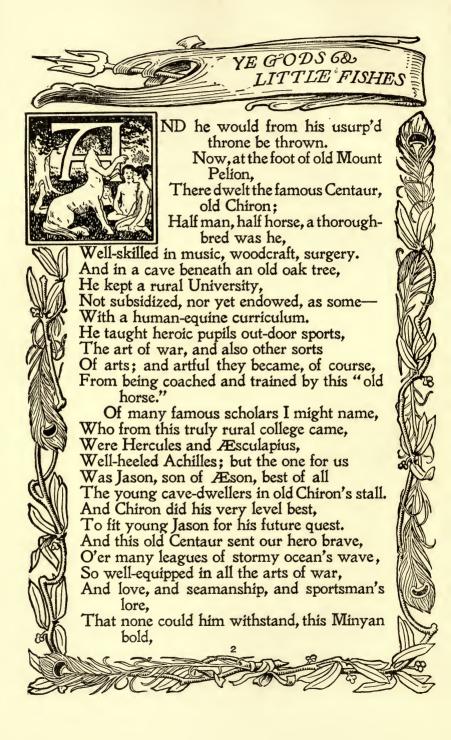


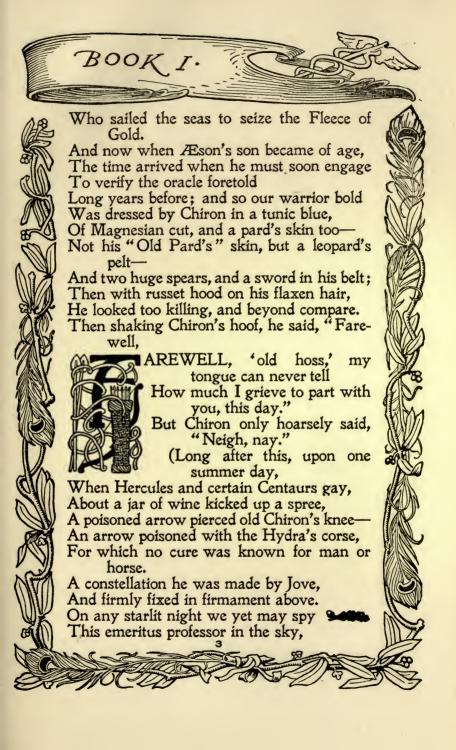
ARGUMENT.

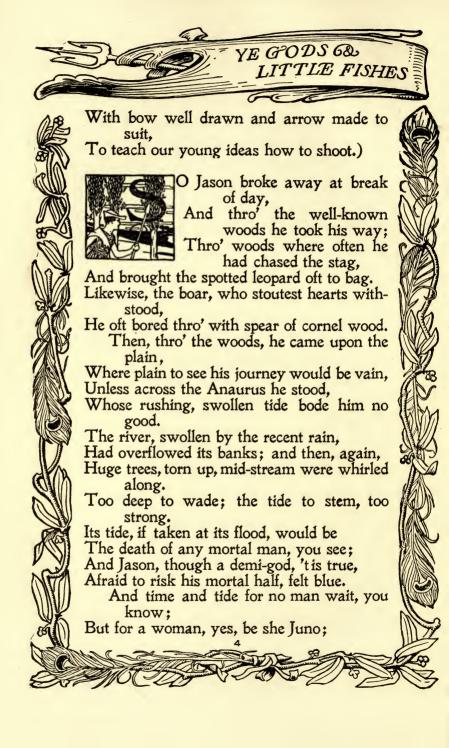
Pelias in alarm, sends Jason to Colchis to fetch the Golden Fleece. So Jason gathers the chieftains, and is chosen captain himself. After launching the Argo they sail on without adventure as far as Lemnos, where they stay awhile, and are hospitably received by Hypsipyle the queen. Thence they come to the Doliones and their king Cyzicus, and are kindly entertained. Giants withstand them at Dindymus, but these are shot by Heracles. On the same night a storm drives the ship back to Cyzicum, and in the darkness they and the Doliones come to blows, and Cyzicus is slain. After mourning for him, they sail on to Mysia, where Hylas is lost, and Heracles, who will not be comforted, is left behind with Polyphemus—(Adapted from the Scholiasts.)

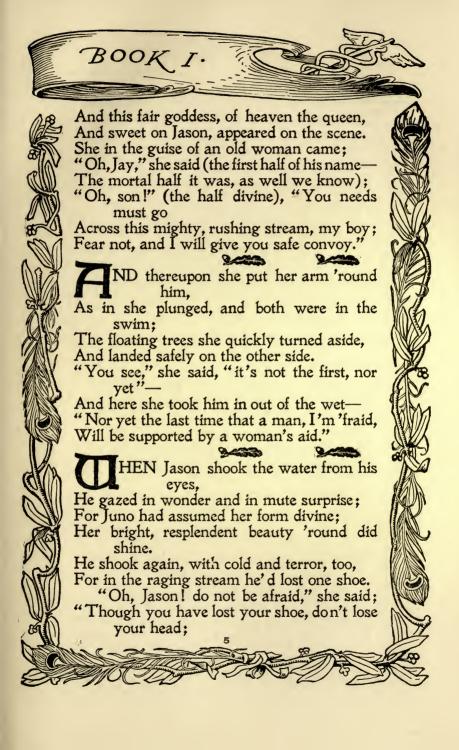


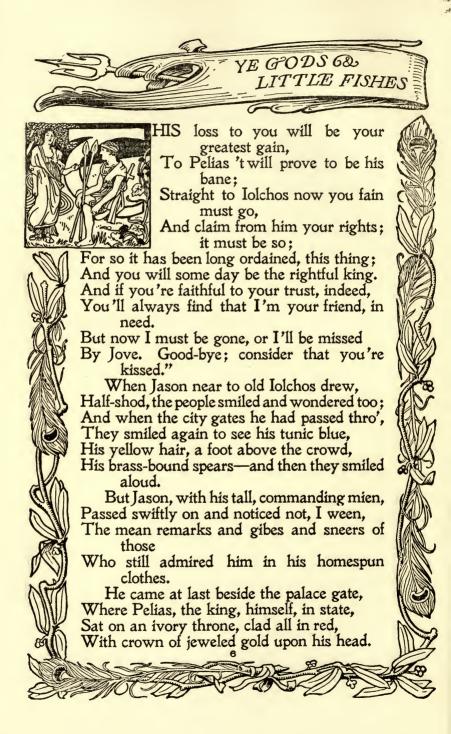


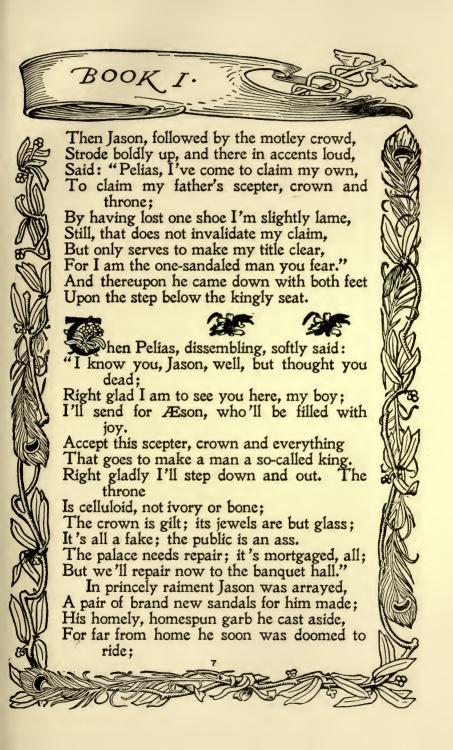


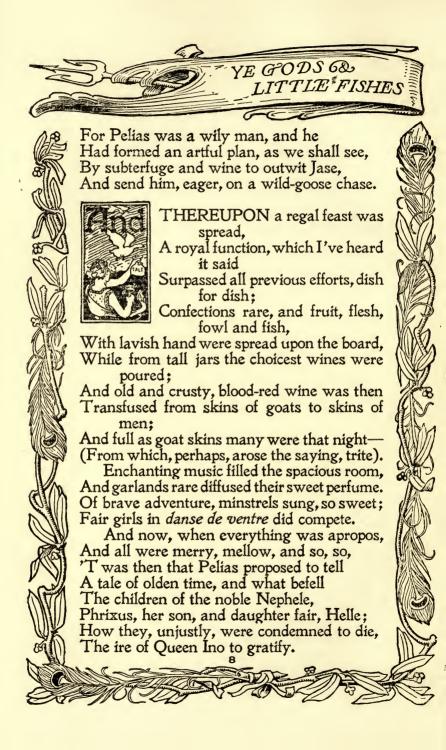


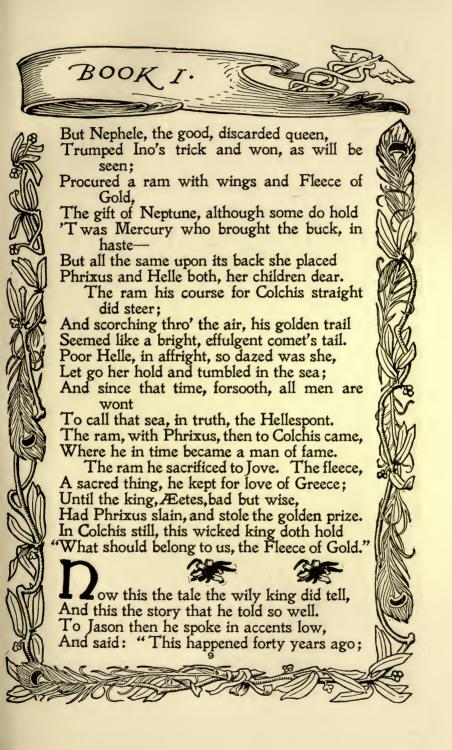


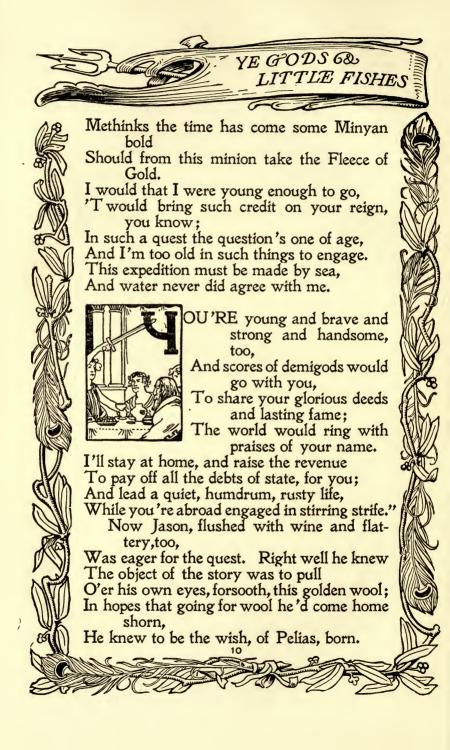


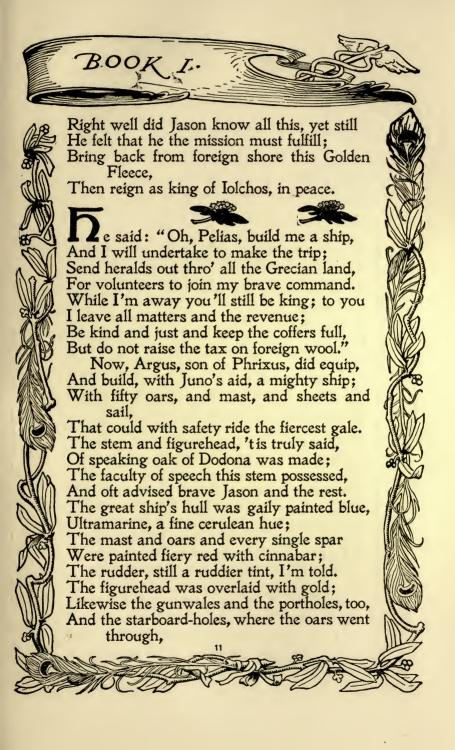


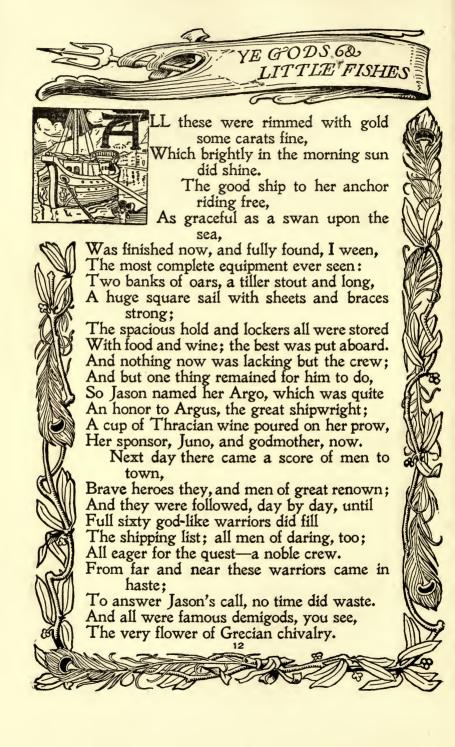


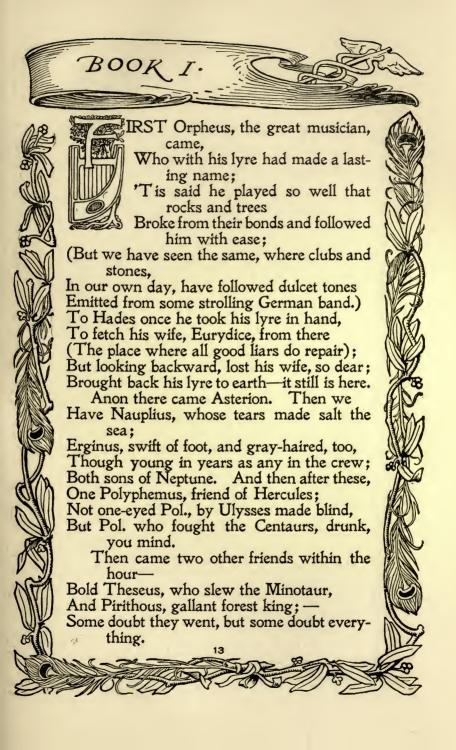


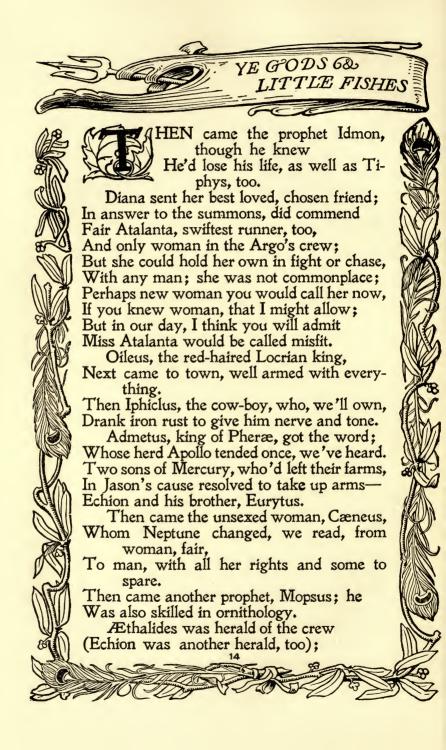


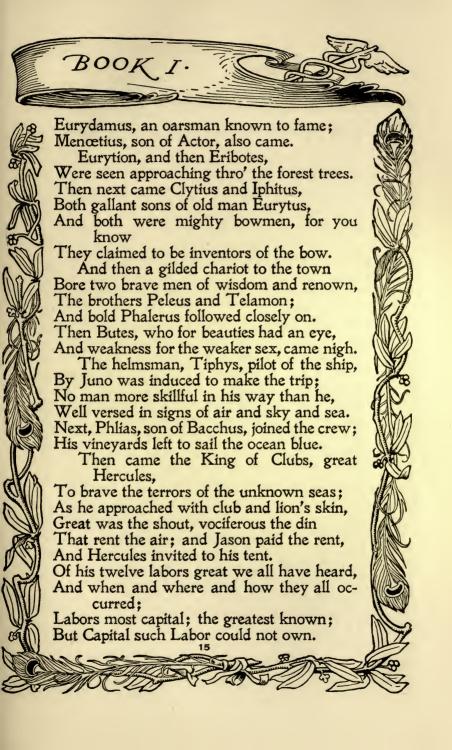


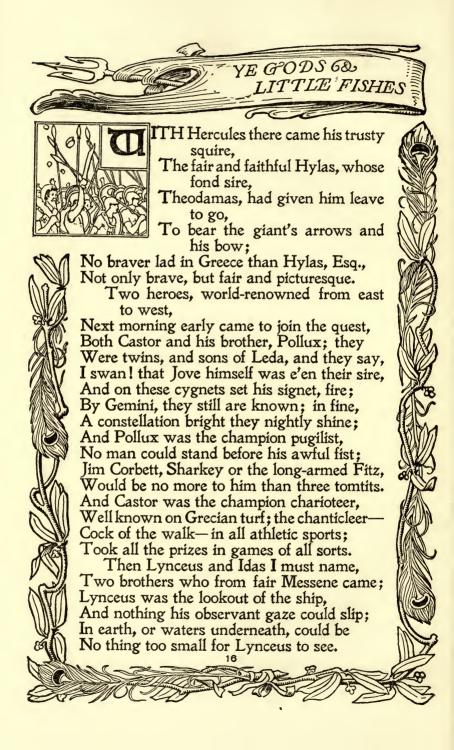


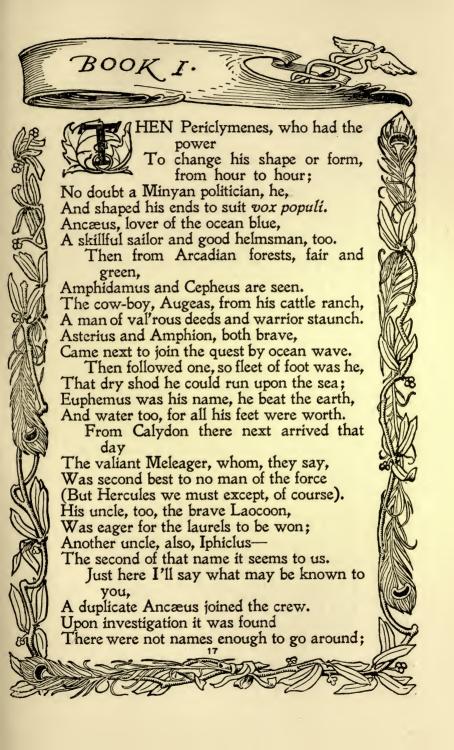


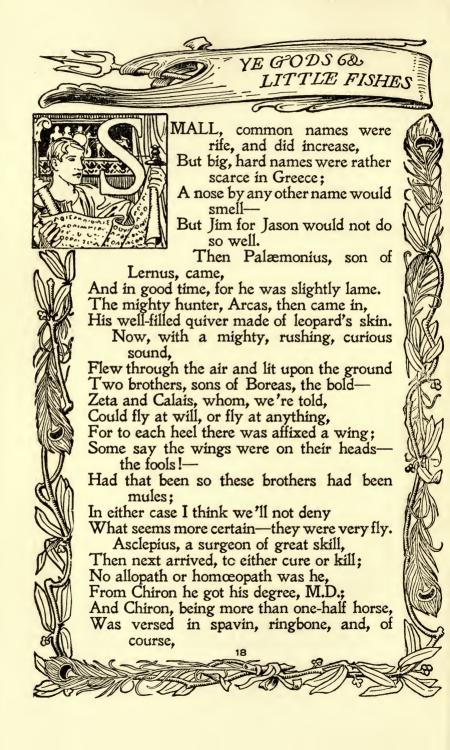


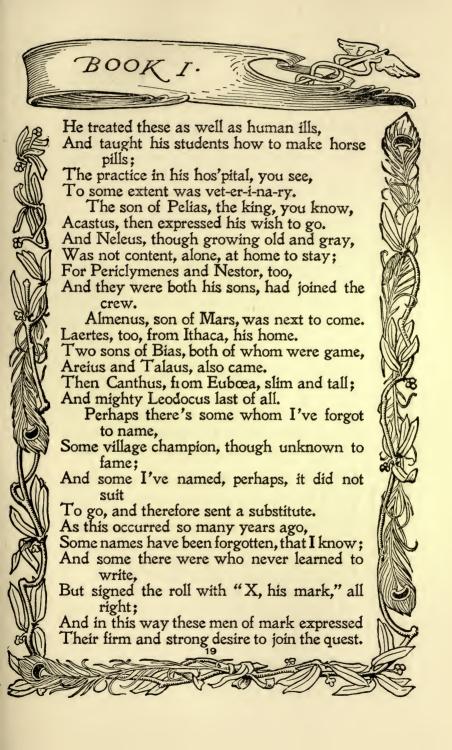


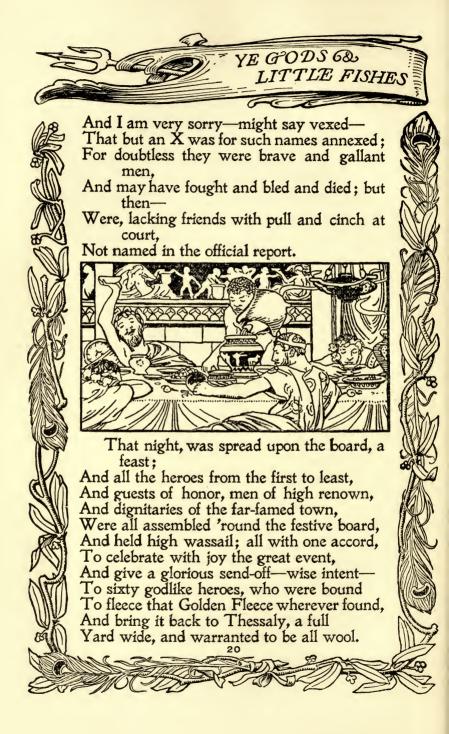


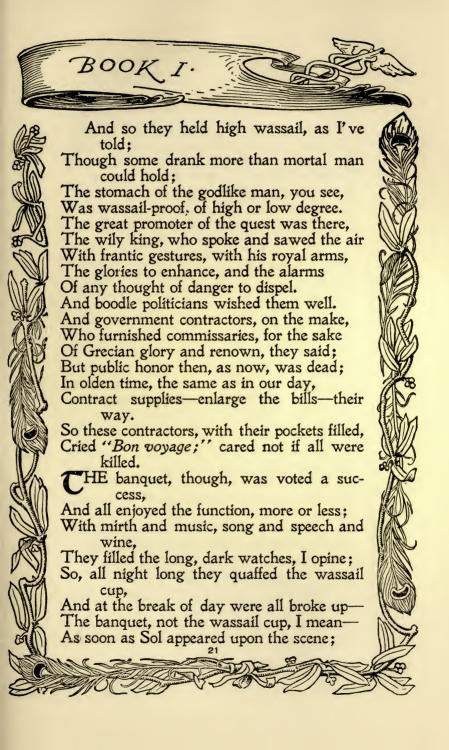


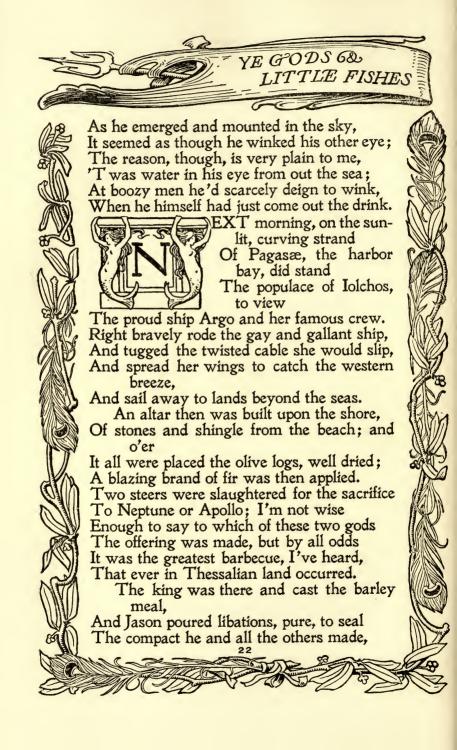


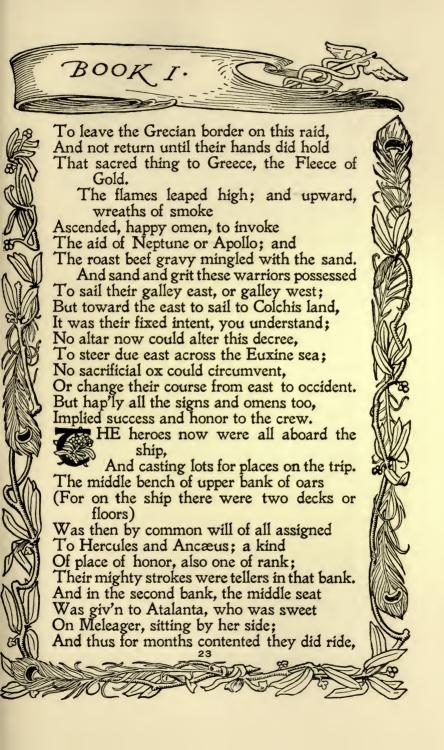


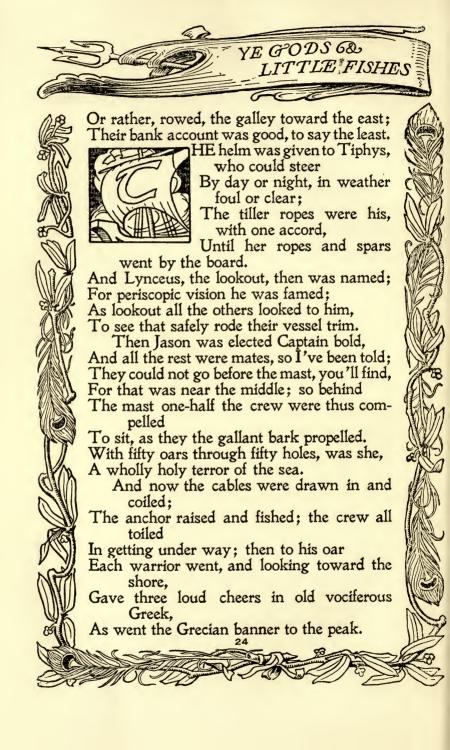


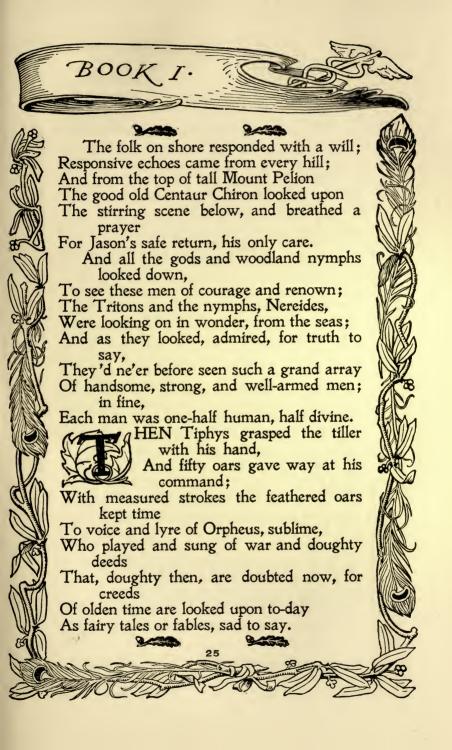


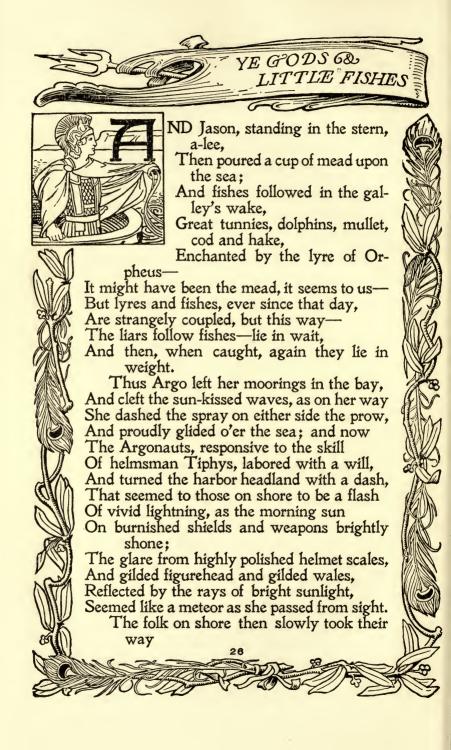


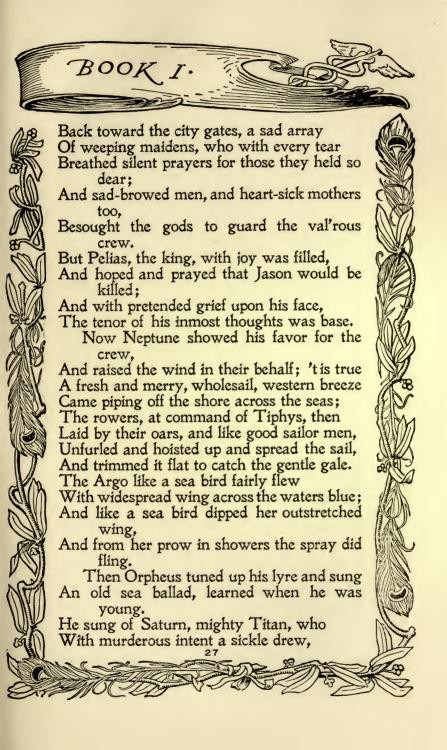


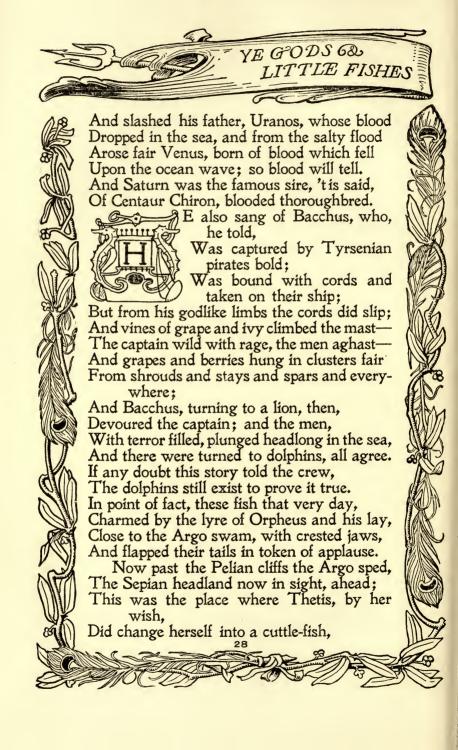


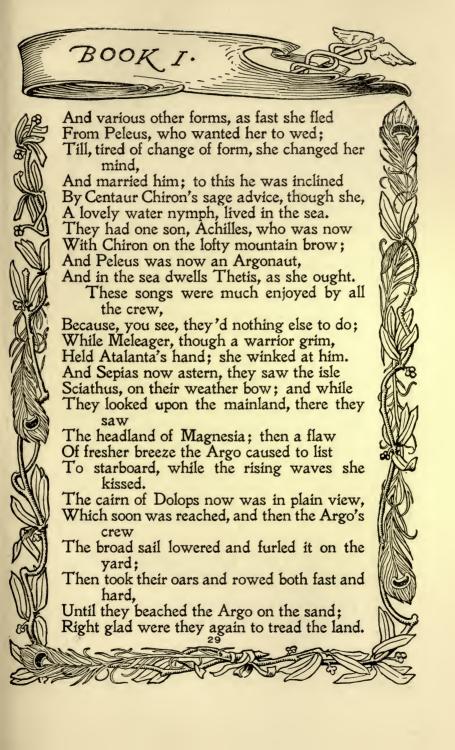


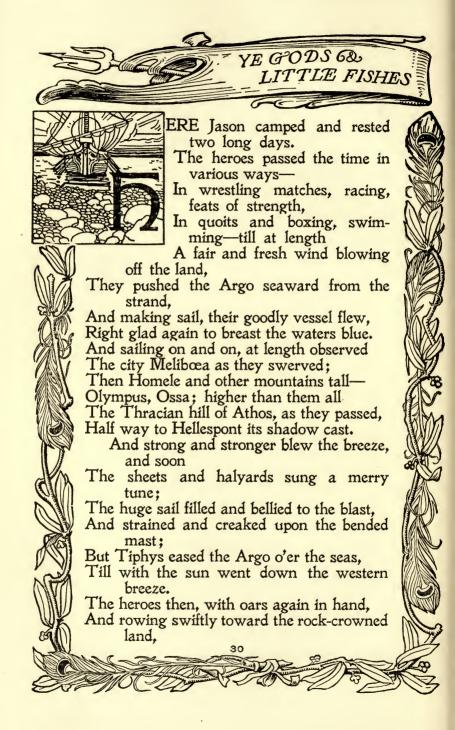


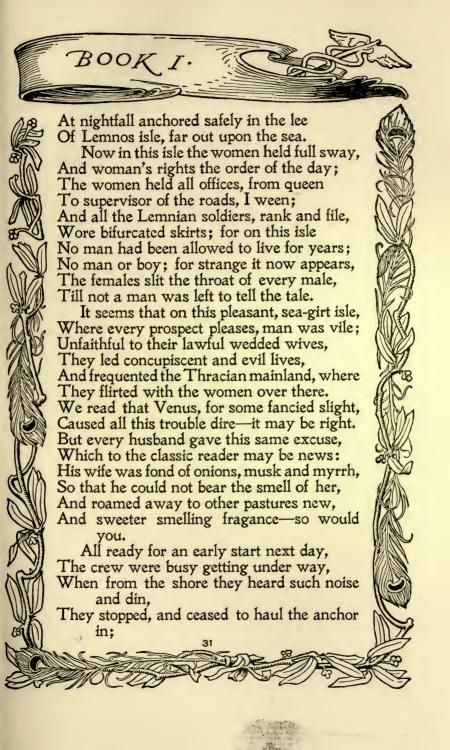


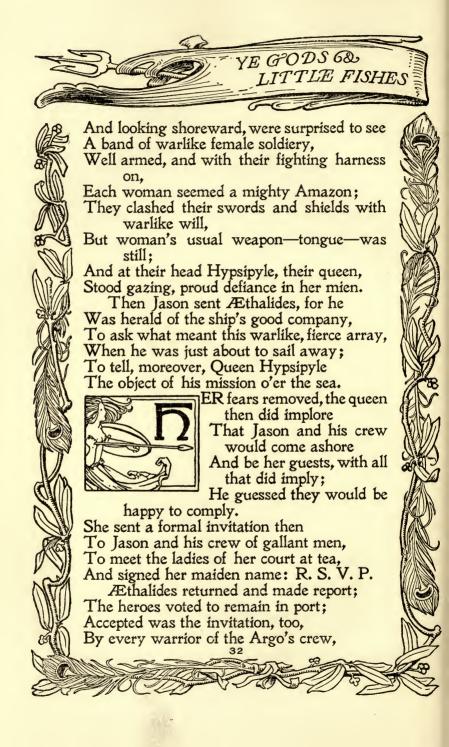


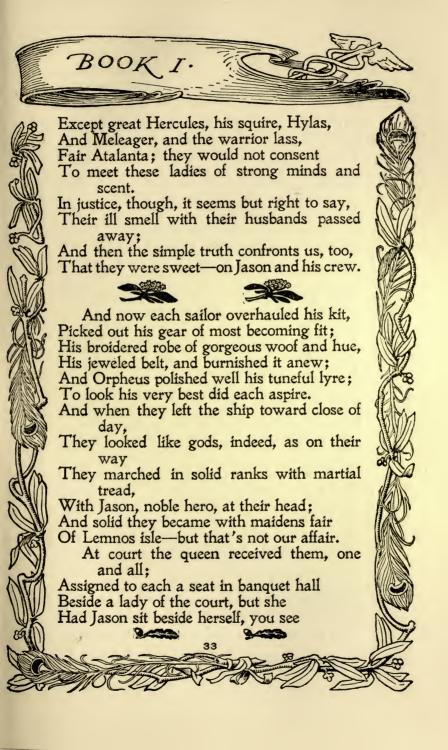


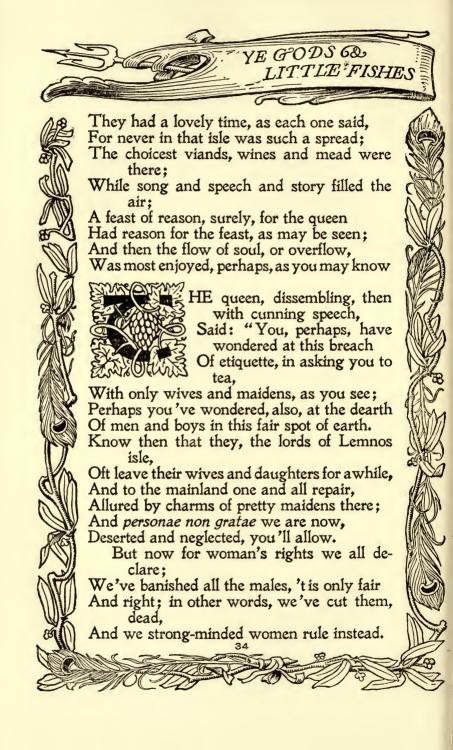


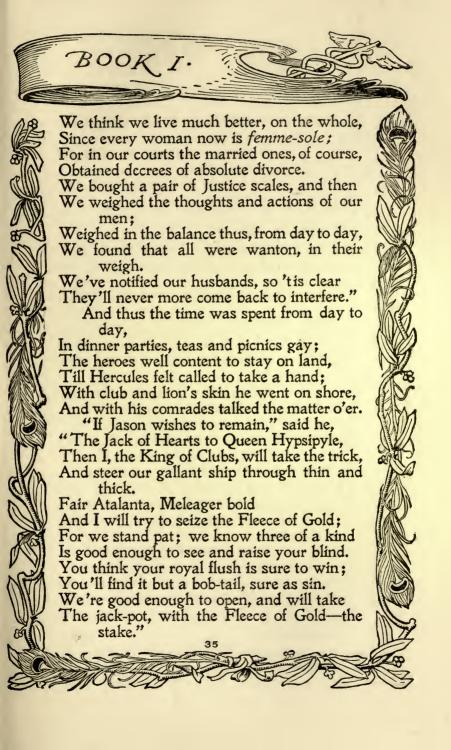


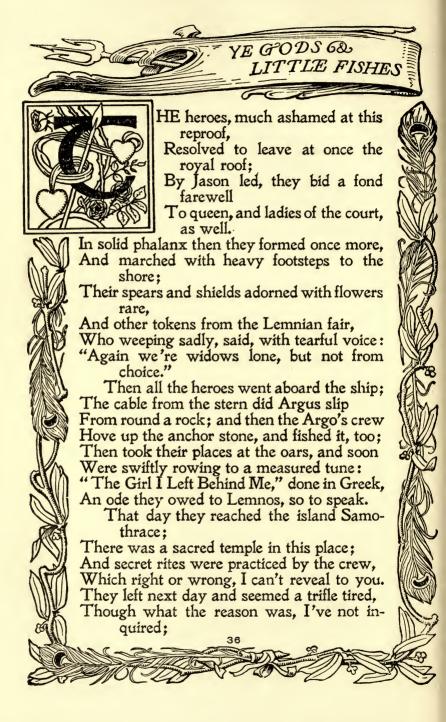


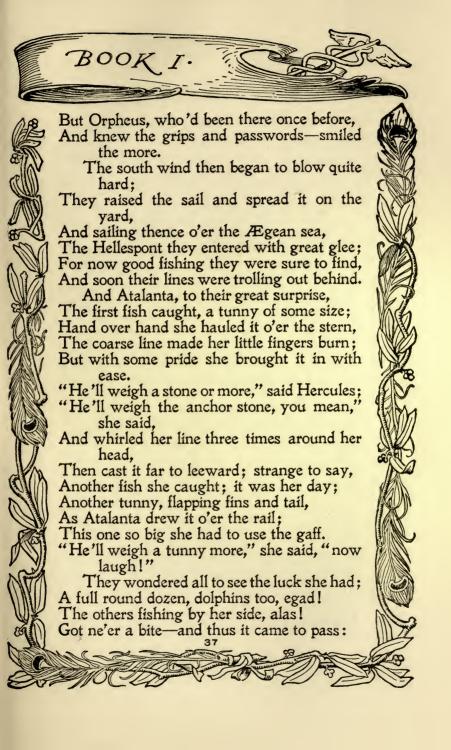


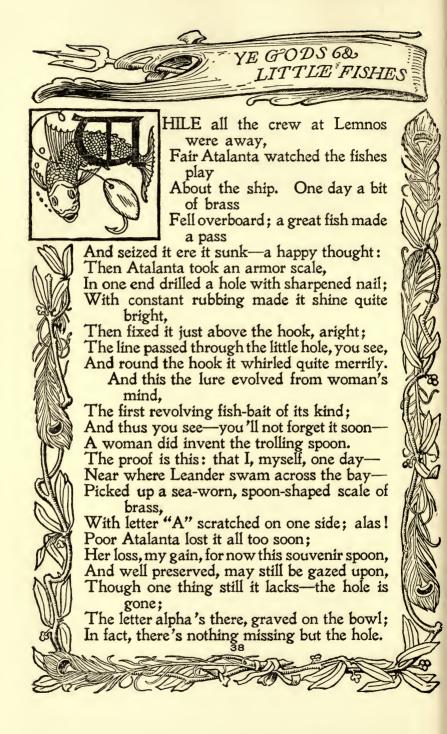


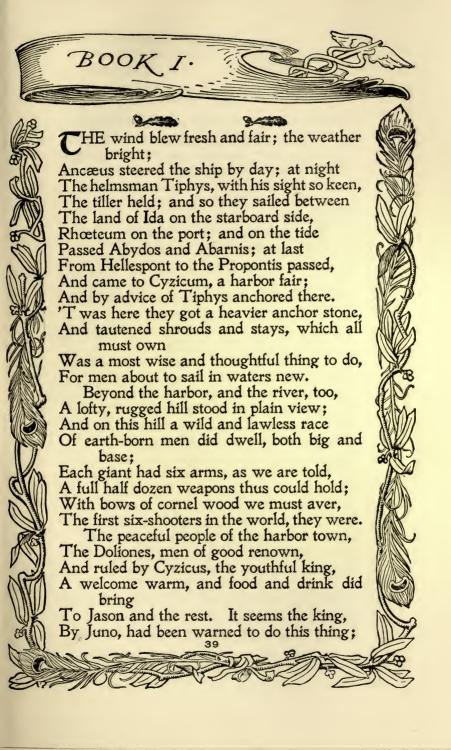


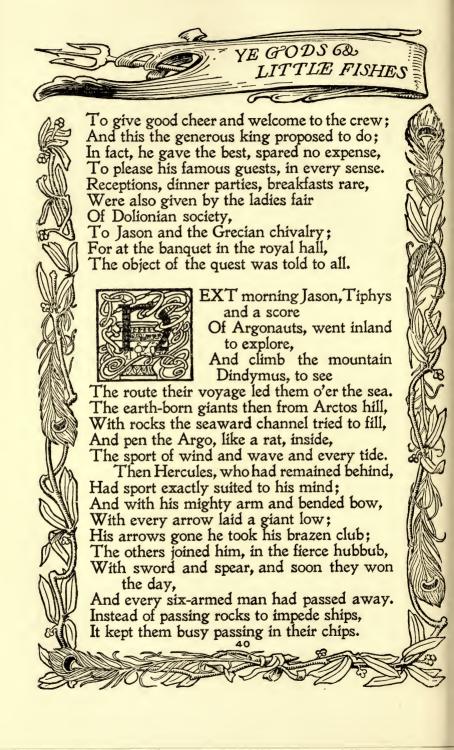


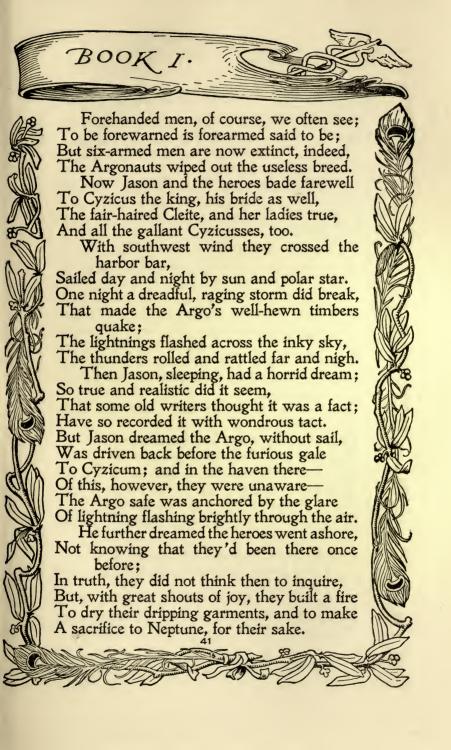


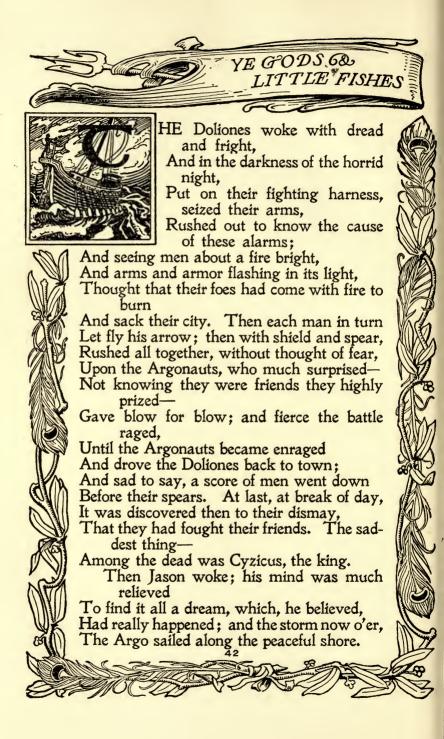


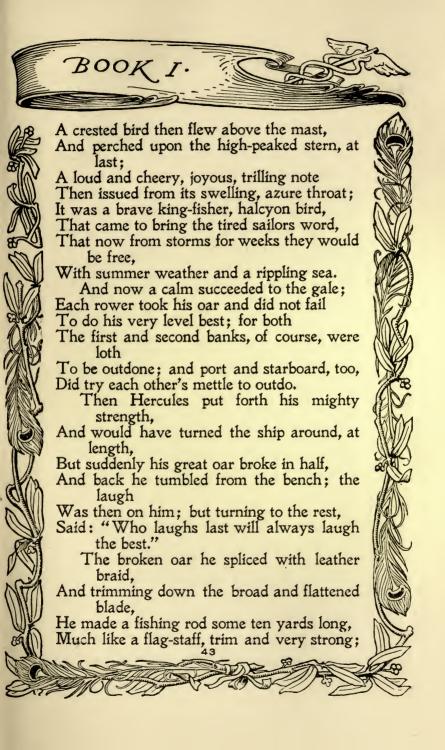


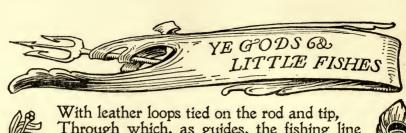












Through which, as guides, the fishing line would slip.



ITH two round shields, and spindles in between. He made an object none had ever seen: The central shaft extended through a hole

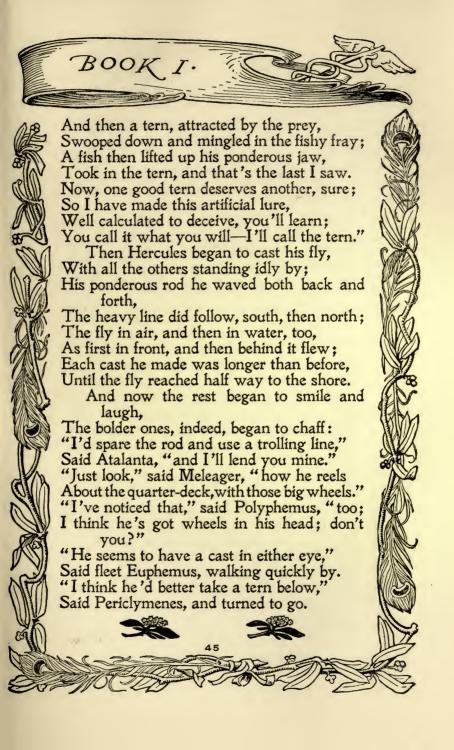
Bored through the butt of his big fishing pole; With handle near the edge of outer rim, It freely turned: he said it suited him.

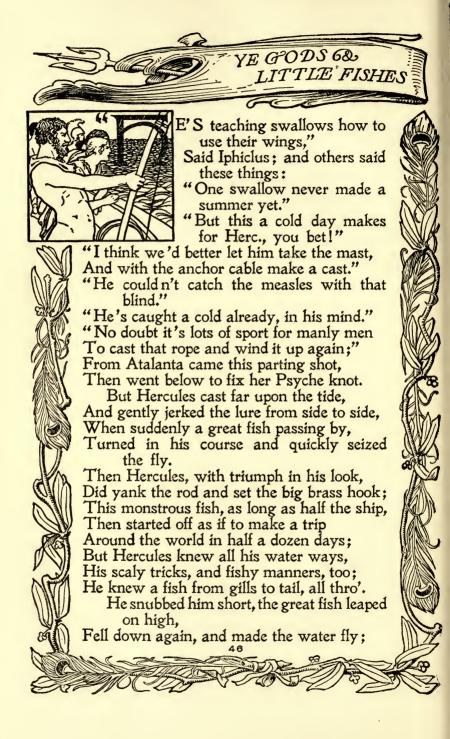
The signal halyards for a line he took: And from a rod of brass he made a hook. Such fishing tackle none had ever seen: The rod and reel were something new I ween: The very first that ever had been known, And Hercules invented both, we'll own. And then he took a strip of lion's pelt, Some silken bits from Atalanta's belt, A plume from Jason's helmet, who was nigh; With these he tied an artificial fly.

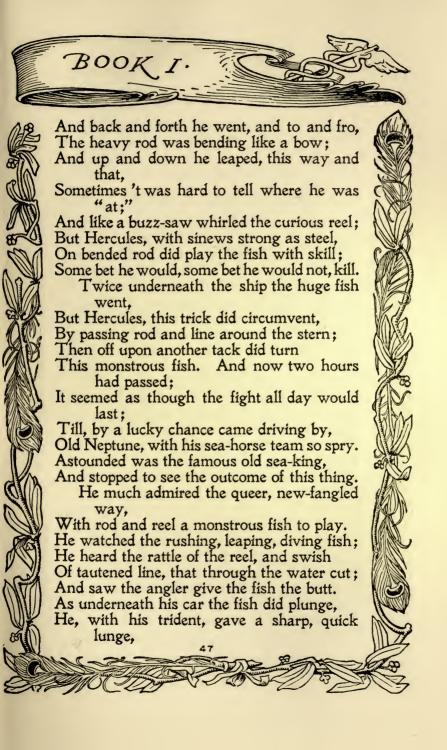
Then Hercules addressed the crew and said:

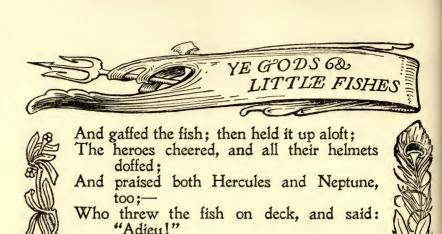
"Fair Atalanta as high-hook's ahead; She beat us all a-fishing with her spoon, But I expect to take her laurels soon. I've thought about this thing from day to day, And when I broke my oar, I saw my way.

One day, while idly looking on the sea, I saw some big fish feeding, on the lee; A school of sprats was floating with the tide, On them the fish were feeding, side by side;











ND now a fair wind springing up, just then, They hoisted sail; got under

way again.

Toward evening, Tiphys, saw a land he knew—

The Mysian land, well-watered, fertile, too. They beached the Argo on the sandy shore, And near the river Cios, with good store Of fish and game; with pleasant groves of trees;

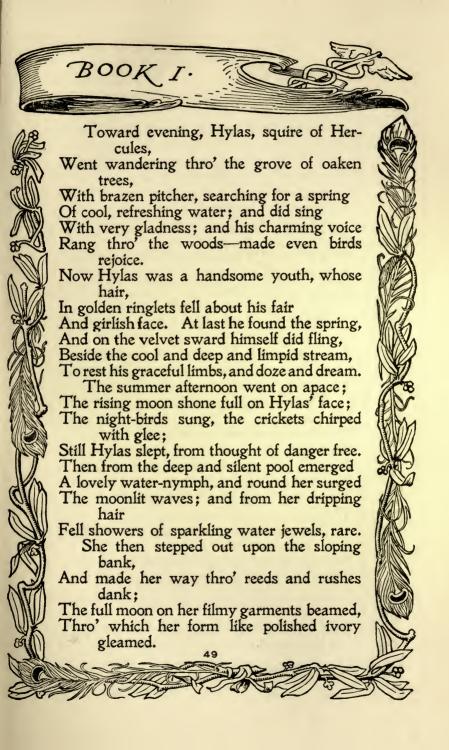
A camping spot that could not fail to please. Around the fire of olive logs that night,

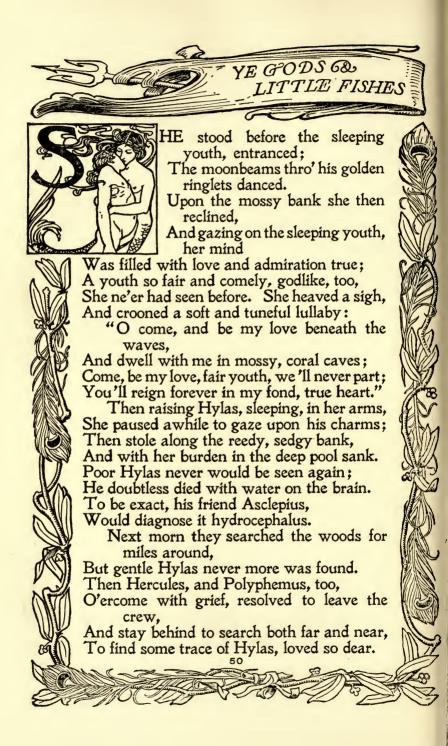
They told of deeds of prowess, sport and fight. Next morning, Hercules, set out to find

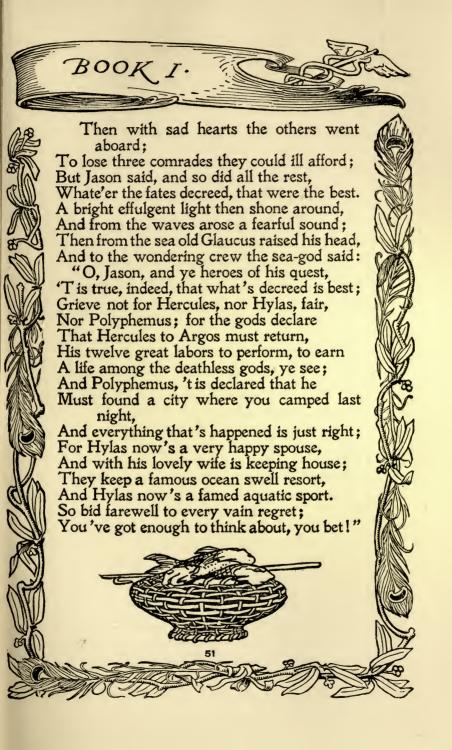
A tree exactly suited to his mind,

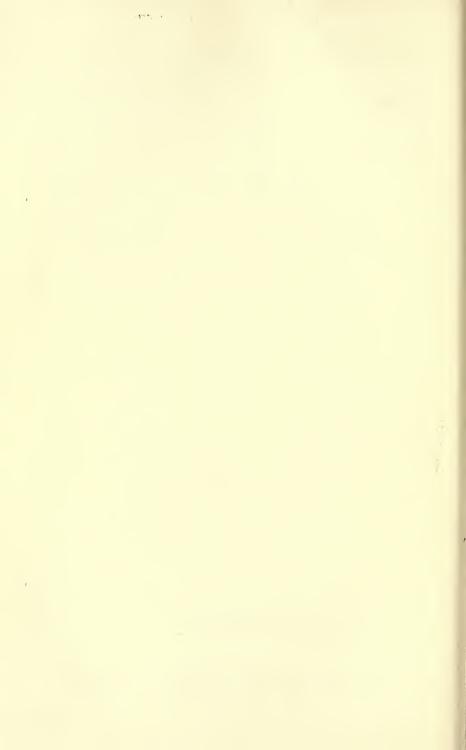
From which to make an oar both stout and long:

An oar expressly made for one so strong. The others filled afresh the water jars; Repaired the rigging, too, like good Jack-tars; And some went fishing, with the usual brag, Still others went to hunt the lordly stag; And one and all, each in his chosen way, Resolved to spend a happy, pleasant day.



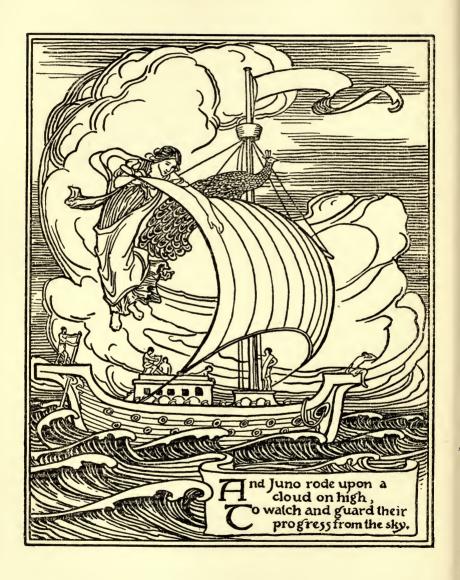


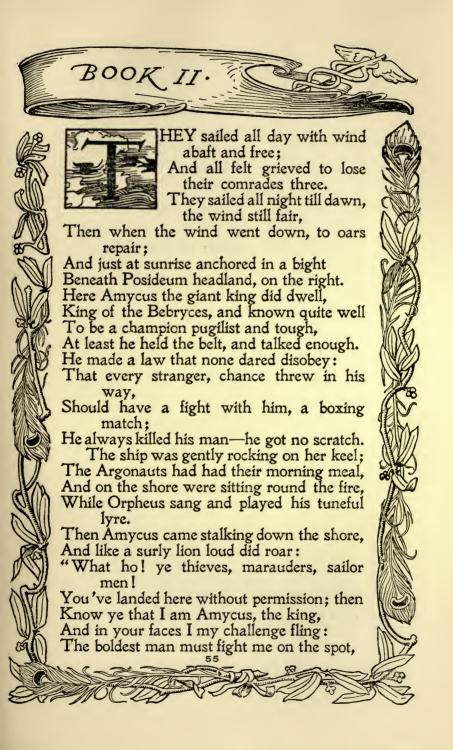


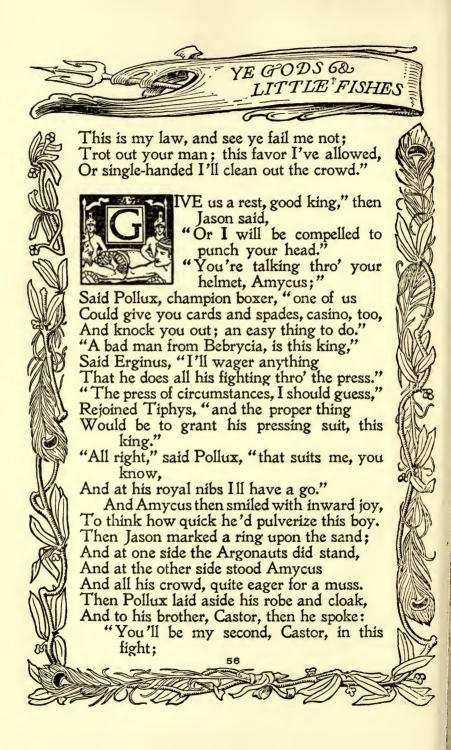


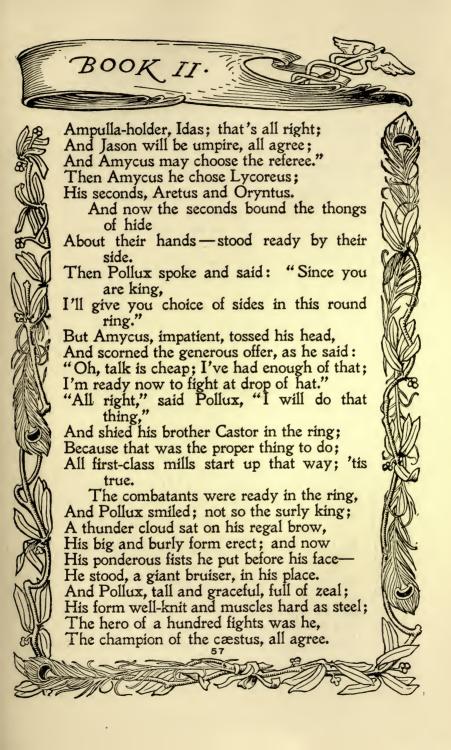
ARGUMENT.

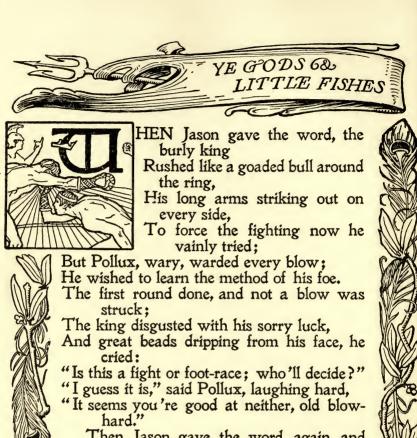
They reach Bithynia. Amycus, king of the Bebryces, having challenged any of them to box with him, is slain by Polydeuces, and in the subsequent fight many of the Bebryces fall. At Salmydessa in Thrace they find blind Phineus, whom the sons of Boreas relieve from the attacks of the Harpies. In return he tells them of their voyage. Hence they come to the Symplegades, and, after escaping through them, are received by Lycus, king of the Mariandyni. Idmon and Tiphys die there. They meet with strange adventures among the Chalybes, Tibareni, and Mossynoeci. Coming to an island infested by "the birds of Ares," they pick up the shipwrecked sons of Chalciope, who henceforth serve them as guides to Colchis.—(Adapted from the Scholiasts.)











Then Jason gave the word again and smiled:

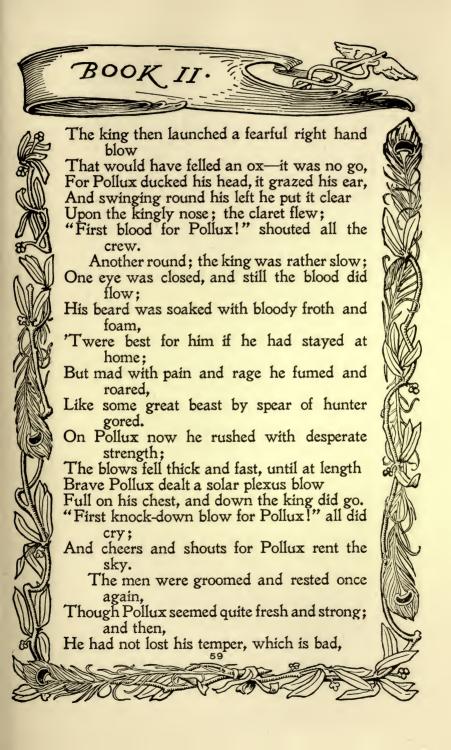
He said: "O, king, be gentle with the child."

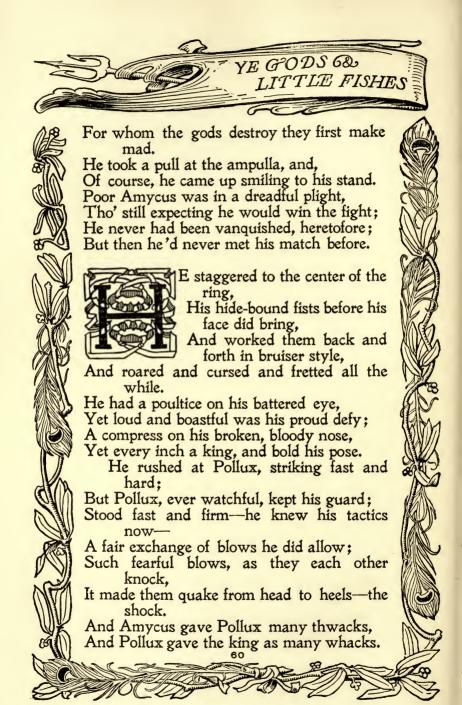
Then Pollux quickly with his left let fly, And landed squarely on the king's right eye. "First blow for Pollux!" said the umpire; then

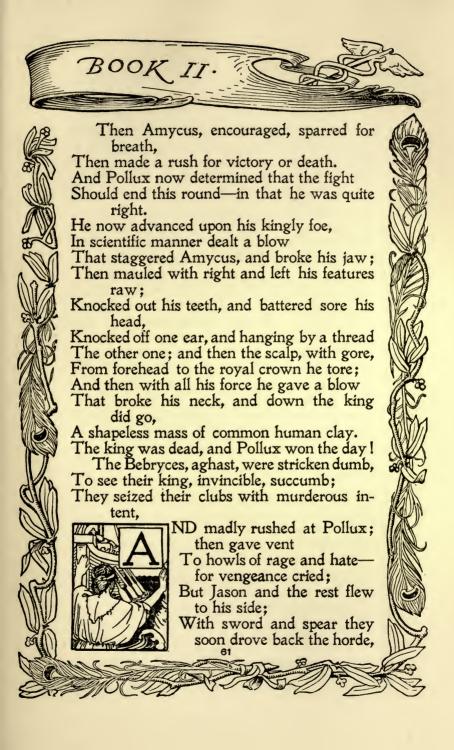
The seconds rubbed, and then, refreshed the men.

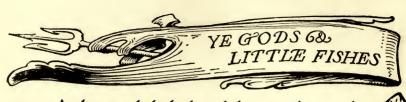
Then, at the word, both came up to the scratch;

It now looked like a genuine slugging match, As blow for blow resounded thro' the air; "The king is groggy!" Jason did declare.









And cut and slashed, and thrust and pierced, and bored;

Ancœus with his battle-axe did chop,

And cut and carve, and from their bodies lop Their heads and limbs; he killed, I think, a score;

The rest, they killed as many, maybe more, And would have killed them all, perhaps, if they Had not concluded then to run away.



HE Argonauts did celebrate that night,

The happy ending of this unsought fight;

And to Apollo offered sacrifice;

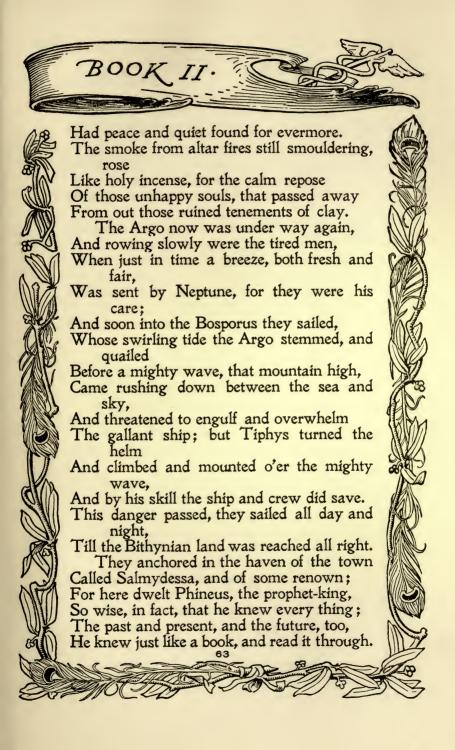
There all the honor and the glory lies.
And Orpheus extemporized and sung
An ode to Pollux, and his praises rung;
And with an olive wreath the hero crowned;
Then all with wine and song the troubles drowned.

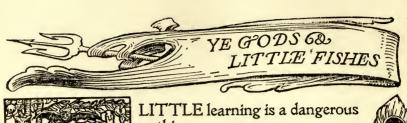
Next morn the quiet day broke bright and fair;

The swallows circled high up in the air; The sea-gulls in their swift erratic flight, Skimmed o'er the water blue, on pinions white;

The shore-birds piped and twittered on the sand:

And peace and quiet reigned o'er sea and land. The dead men lying on the blood-stained shore.







thing,

But too much knowledge ruined this Thracian king:

He grew so wise he thought to rival Jove.

Who struck him blind: and Harpies with him strove

At every meal, and snatched his food away; No morsel did they suffer any day To pass his lips, until the food they'd spoiled With putrid, reeking odors: thus they foiled The poor blind king, who gladly would have

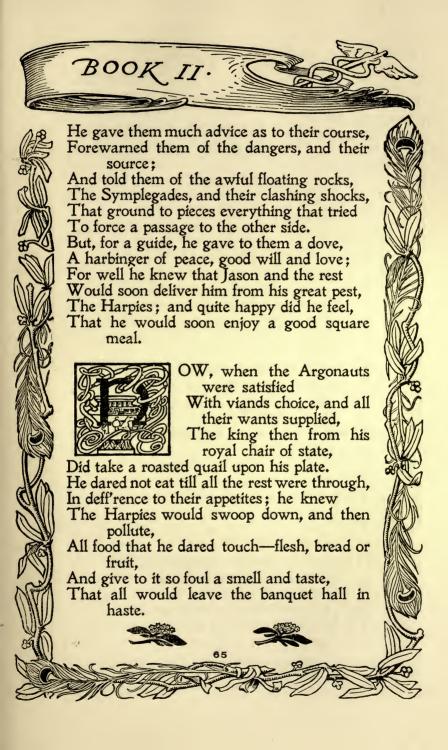
died:

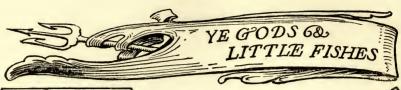
But he was doomed to live, all joy denied. Now Zetes and Calais of the crew. And sons of Boreas, the north wind, too, Were blood relations of this prophet king, And they, it was decreed, should succor bring To this poor, feeble, persecuted man, Who long had suffered sore from Jove's dread ban.

Now Phineus a banquet did prepare, A costly, sumptuous, recherche affair, To honor Jason and the heroes all. And bade them welcome to the royal hall: For though a poor, afflicted monarch, he Was rich in worldly goods, as misery.

And seated round the festive board, that night,

He called each hero by his name, aright; For, by his divination, well he knew The object of the Argo, and her crew.







O when the king the quail put on his plate,

The Harpies came, afraid they'd be too late;

They came with shrieks, flew thro' the open door,

And snatched his food away, and hovered o'er

On long black wings, with women's faces fair,

While from their necks streamed manes of long black hair:

Instead of fingers, long black talons grew,

And o'er the king these grewsome creatures flew:

And such a putrid stench filled all the air,

'Twas more than human flesh and blood could bear.

The brothers, Zetes and Calais, drew Their swords, and on their wing'd heels swiftly flew,

And chased the Harpies, shrieking, from the hall:

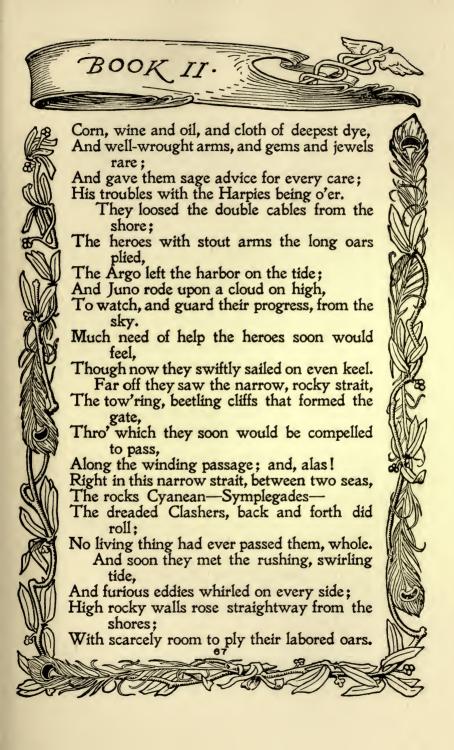
They ne'er appeared again; but that's not all:

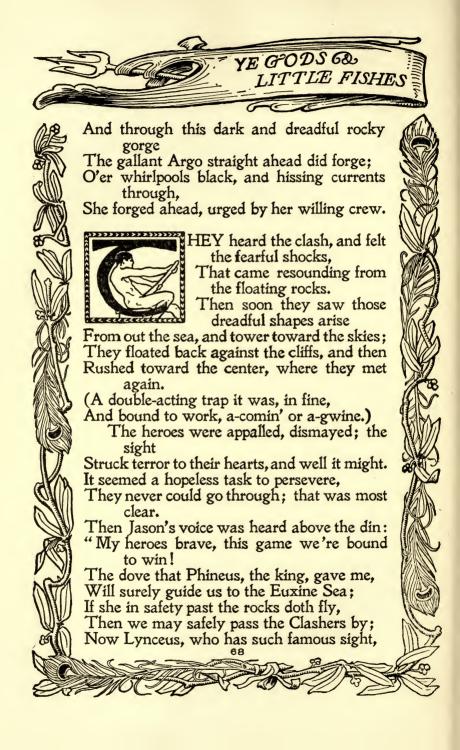
The food was then examined, then found

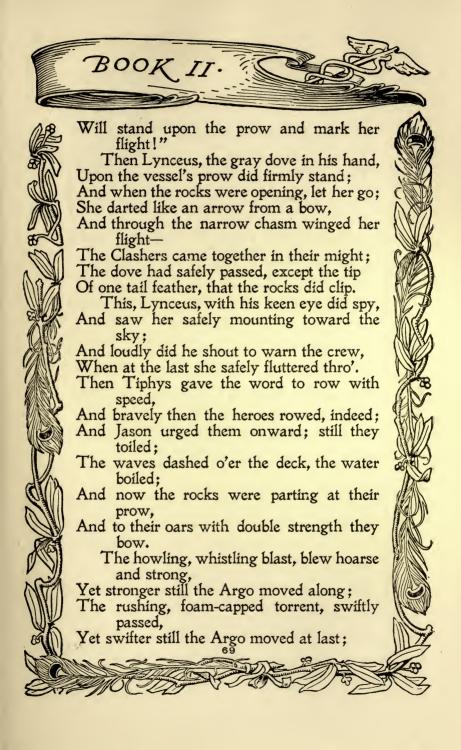
'Twas all Limburger cheese and sauerkraut. And now, next morn, good Phineus, the king.

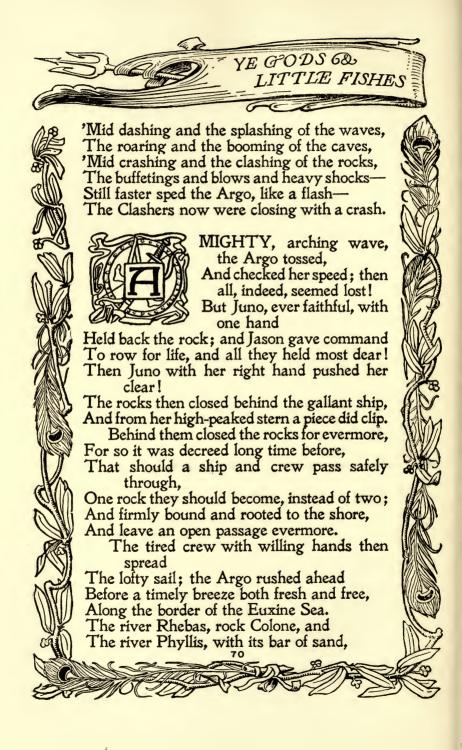
Gave presents to the crew of everything To help them on their way, and please the eye;

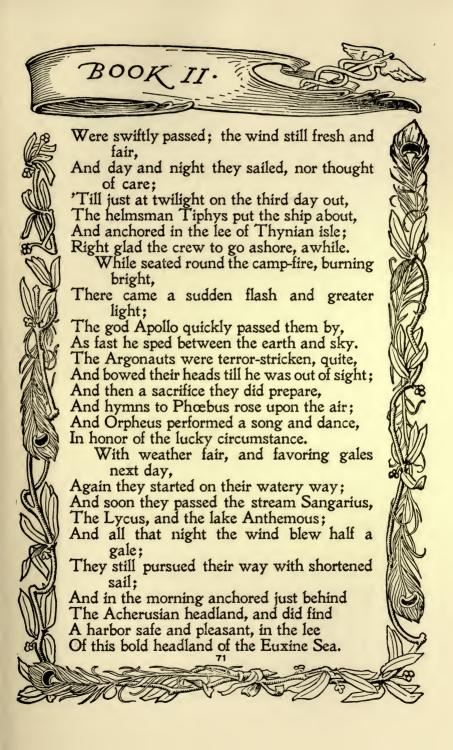
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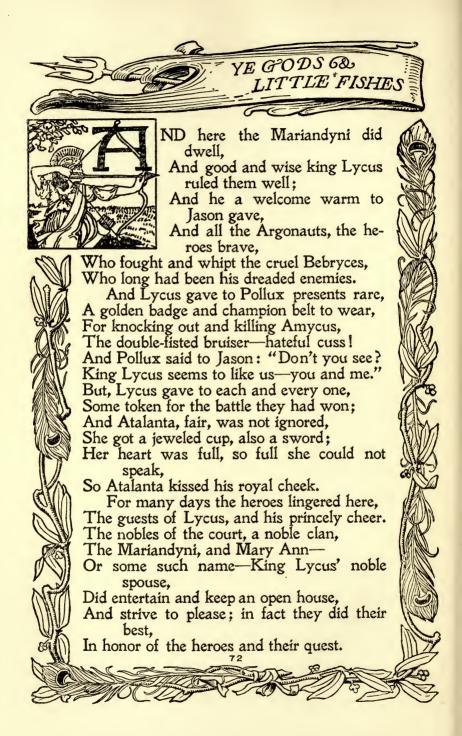


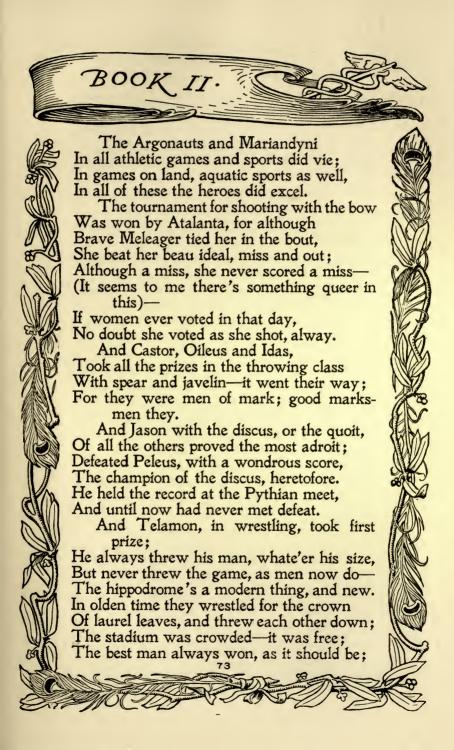


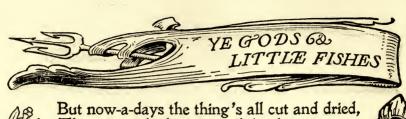












But now-a-days the thing's all cut and dried, The principals the principal divide; They squirm and double, fall by turns, and so—

The people pay to see the sorry show.



NCÆUS won at boxing— Pollux barred,

For when the least excited he hit hard—

Ancœus won the prize, for he was best,

He fought with fists, and gave his mouth a rest.

In all the chariot races Castor won; When he was through, some scarcely had begun.

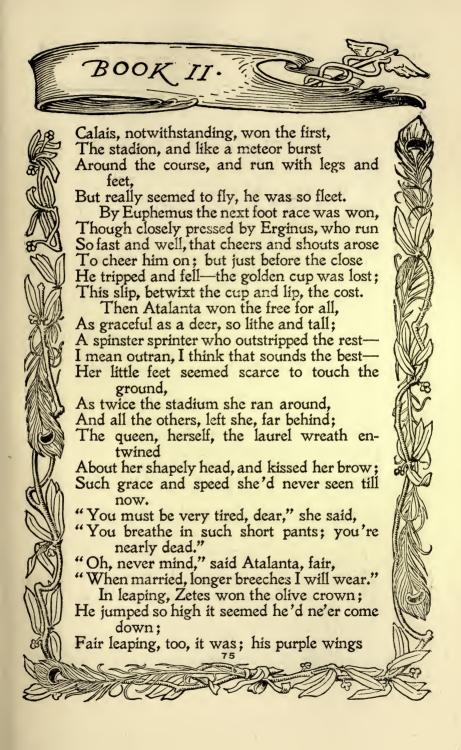
He held the record on the stadic course, Knew all about a chariot and a horse; 'Twas not much use for any to compete— When Castor held the reins, he won the heat; On chariot wheels he run so well, they say, Our little wheels are casters still, to-day.

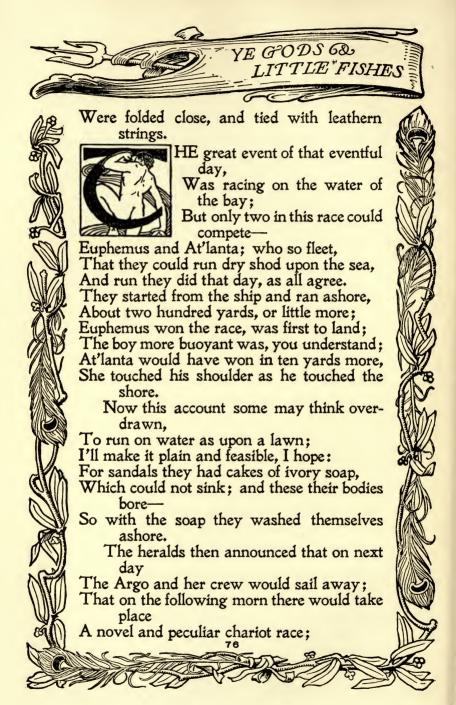
Foot races then were much enjoyed by all; And many were the sprinters, short and tall. Calais held the Pythian record; true,

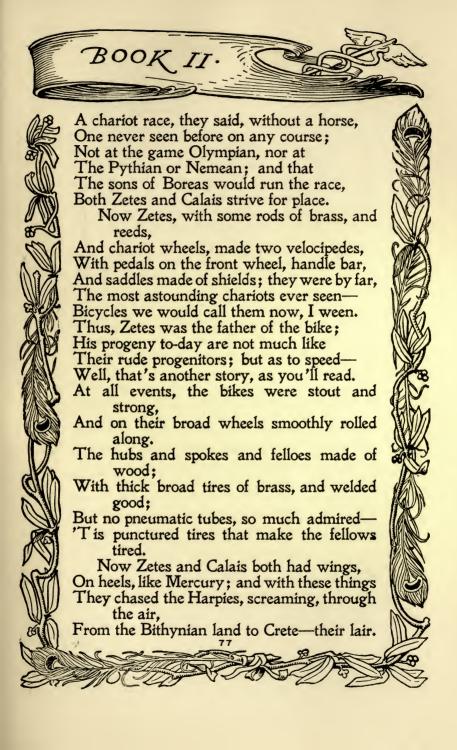
Some said he used his wings—both run and flew:

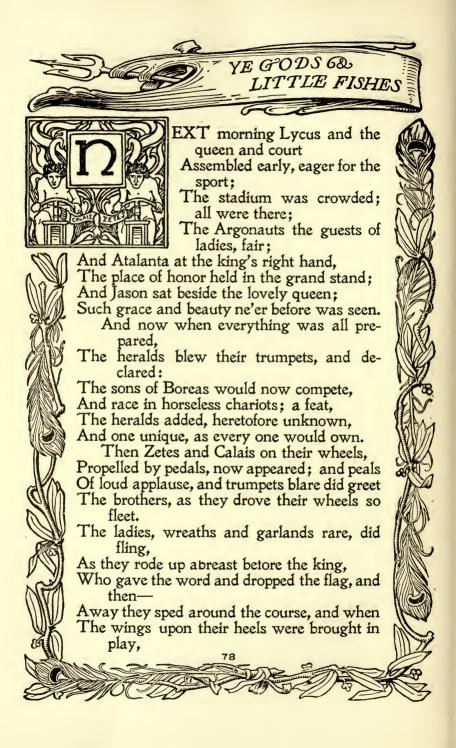
But wings on this occasion were ruled out, King Lycus made the rules and terms, no doubt:

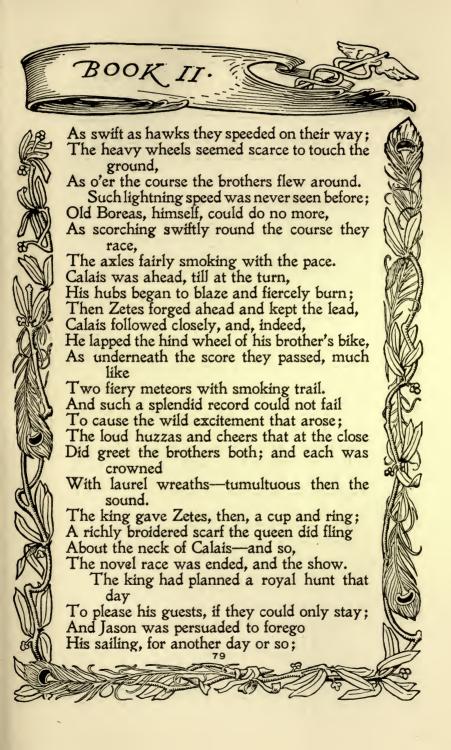
'Twas his opinion, pinions should be barred, And legs alone should get an entry card.













He would have sailed that very day, alas! Could he have known the thing that came to pass.



HE hunt had proved a great success for all,

And many were the trophies, great and small.

Returning toward the town in joyous mood,

A fierce and wounded boar rushed from a wood.

And with his cruel tusks he ripped and tore
The seer Idmon, who was wounded sore;
Then Peleus ran up and with his spear
He pierced the boar; and Idas being near,
With his great battle axe he cleft its head;
This done, they found their comrade Idmon,
dead!

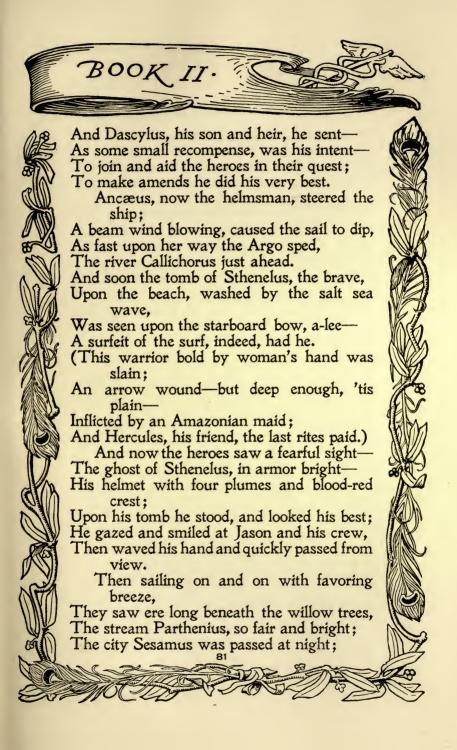
Poor Idmon, who his own death had foretold, In this great quest to seize the Fleece of Gold.

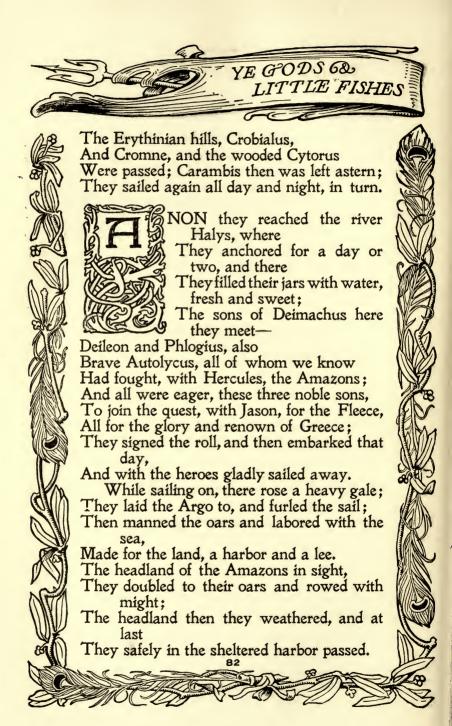
They bore the lifeless hero to the town, And manly tears they shed, their grief to drown.

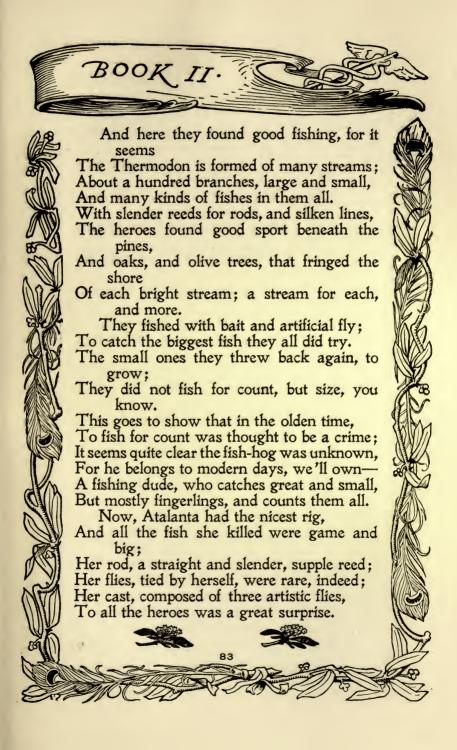
And then upon the heels of this great woe There came a greater one, could that be so; The helmsman Tiphys, bitten by a snake, Was also dead—enough their hearts to break. They buried their loved comrades by the sea, And mourned for days with heartfelt agony.

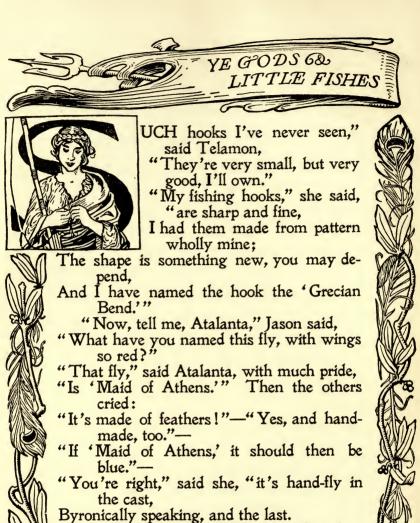
They sailed away at last, with many fears.

And Lycus sped his parting guests with tears;



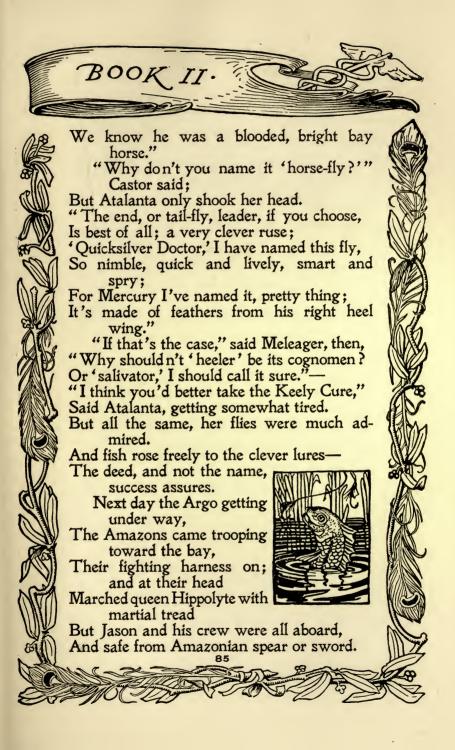


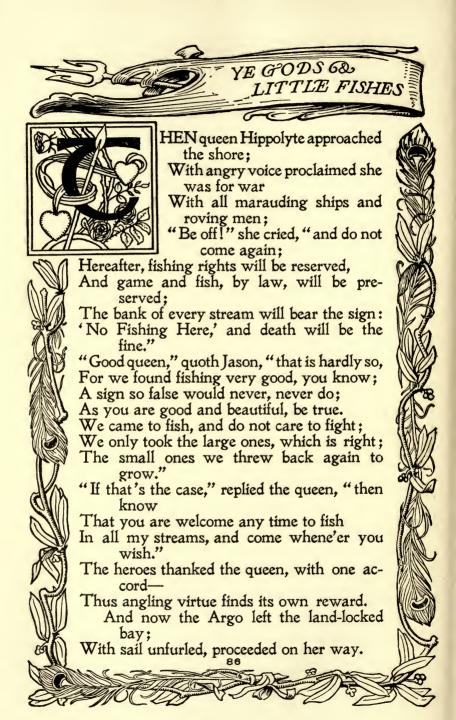


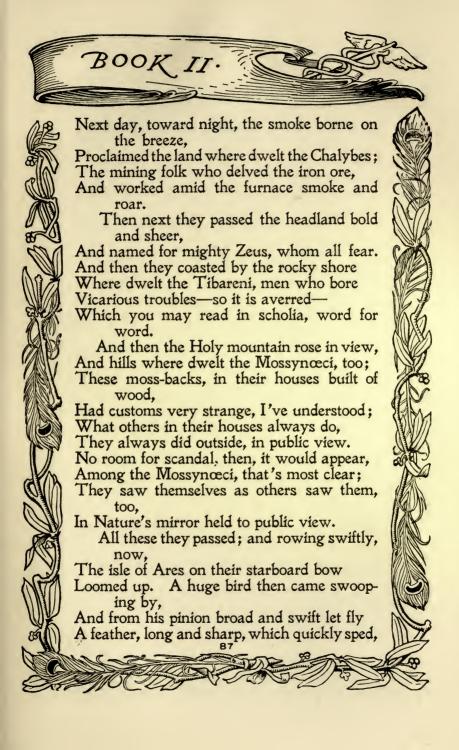


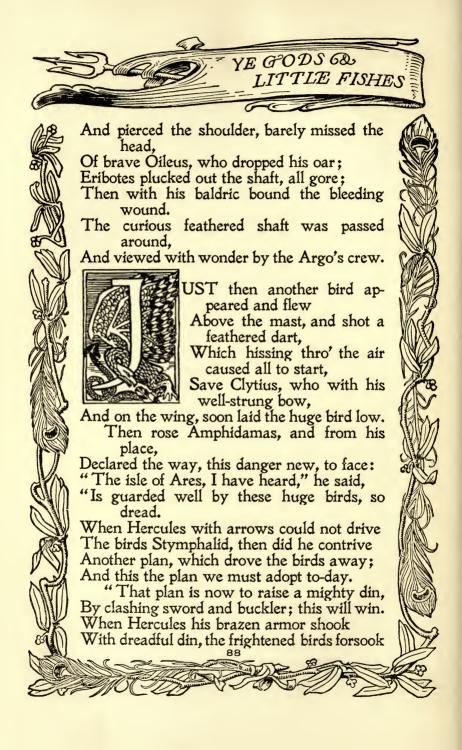
Byronically speaking, and the last.
The middle one, the bob-fly, funny thing!
Is made of covert feathers from the wing
Of Pegasus, and 'Peggy' is its name;
Its flight is quite poetic; all the same
A right good fly; its wings are also red;
For when Perseus lopped Medusa's head,
And Pegasus sprang from her blood, of

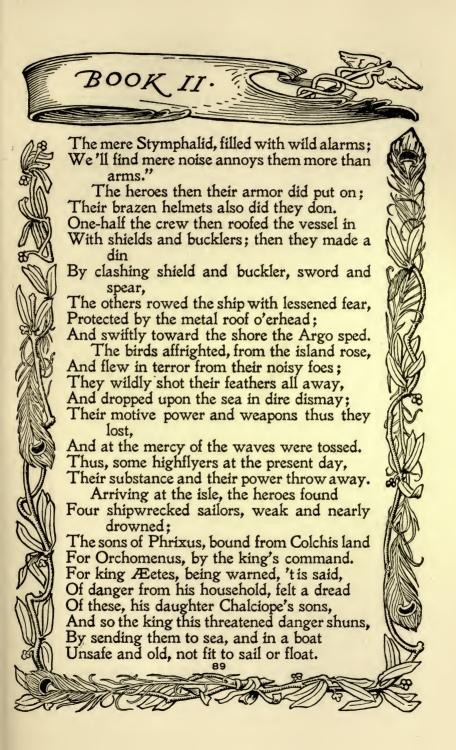
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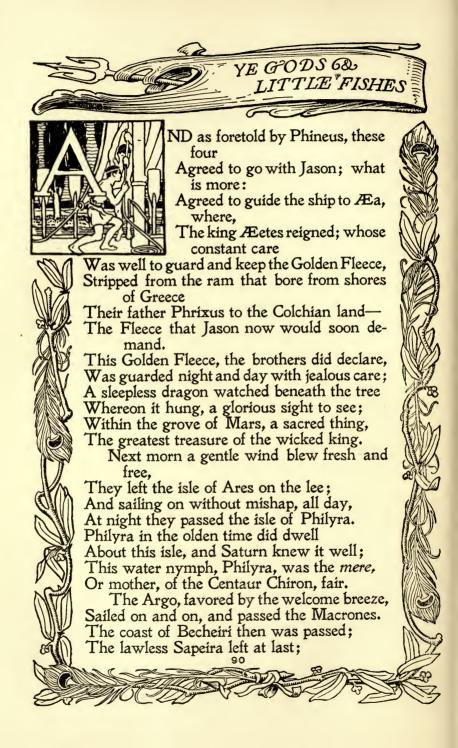


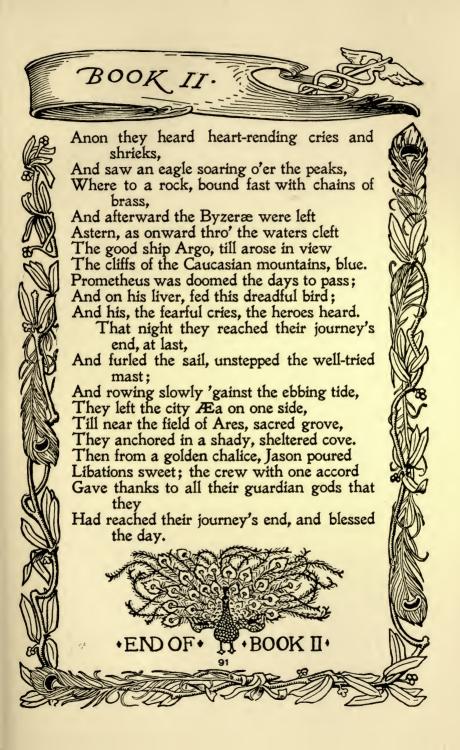










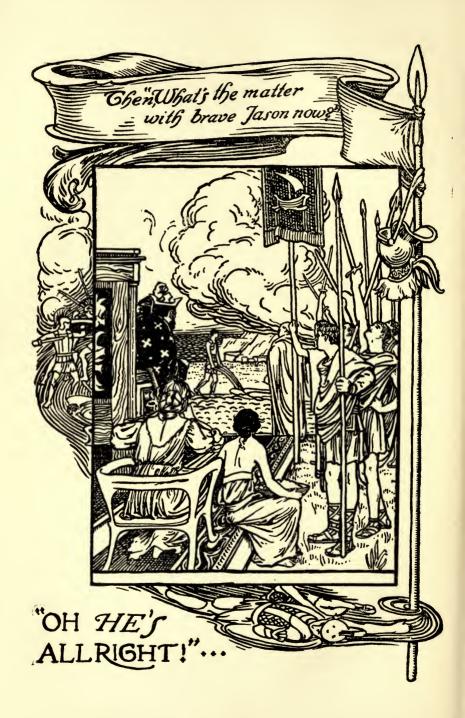


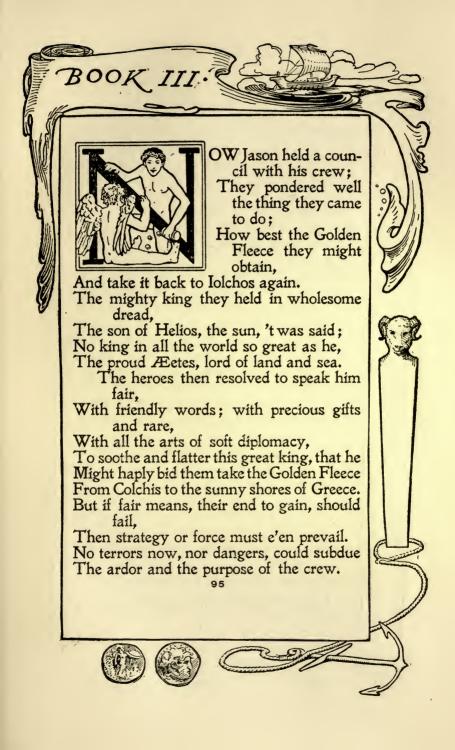
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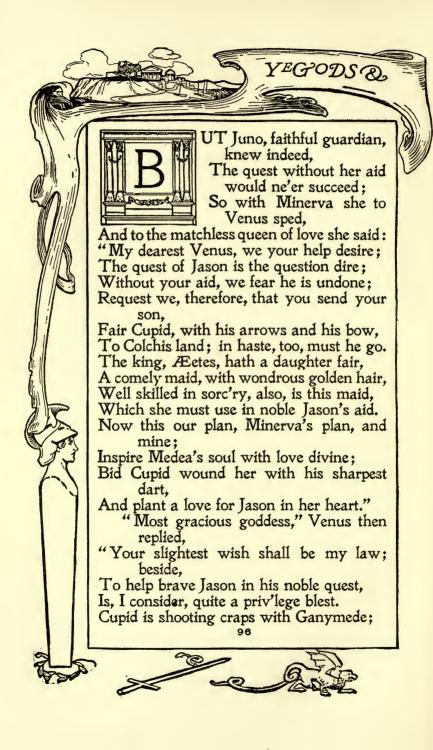
ARGUMENT.

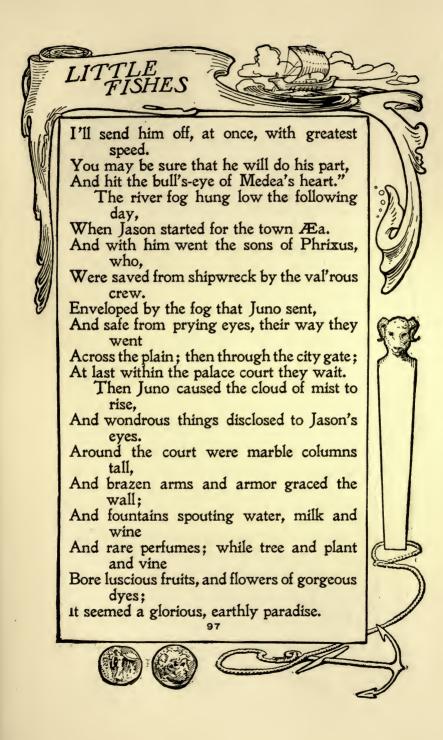
Hera and Athena persuade Aphrodite to send Eros to Medea. Meantime Jason comes to Æetes, king of Colchis, and begs the Fleece; but the king was exceeding wroth, and set him great labors to perform, namely, to yoke two fire-breathing bulls, and sow the dragon's teeth upon Ares' acre, and then to slay the earth-born giants who should rise o'er the lea.

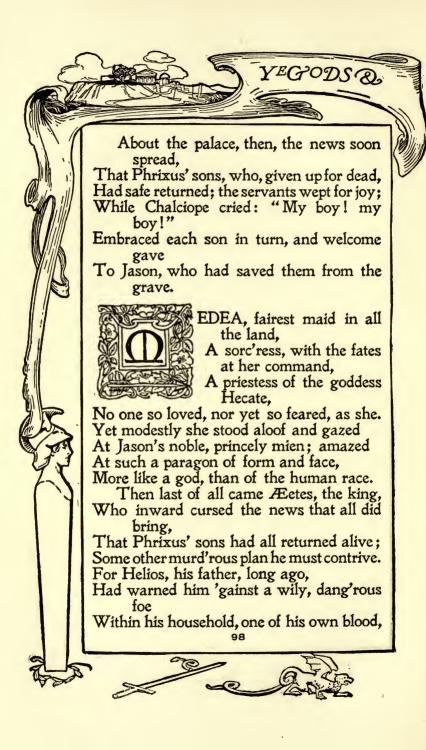
But Medea is in love with Jason, and gives him drugs to tame those bulls, telling him how to accomplish all. Wherefore Jason finished the appointed task, to the grief and wonder of Æetes.—(Adapted from the Scholiasts.)

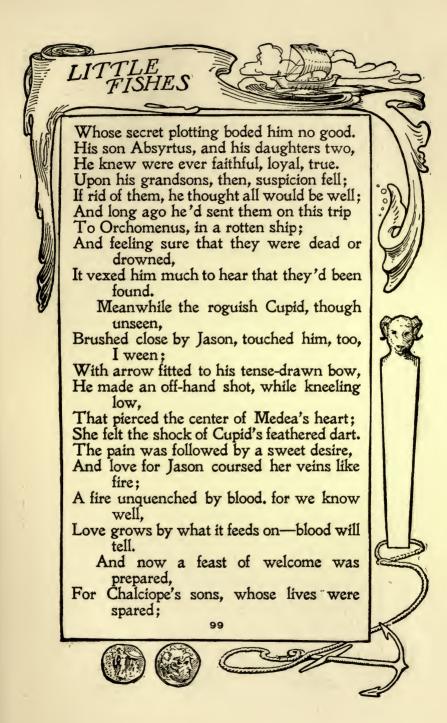


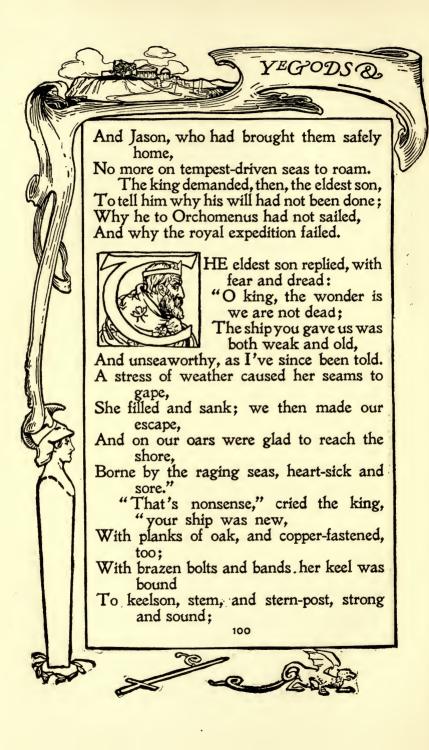


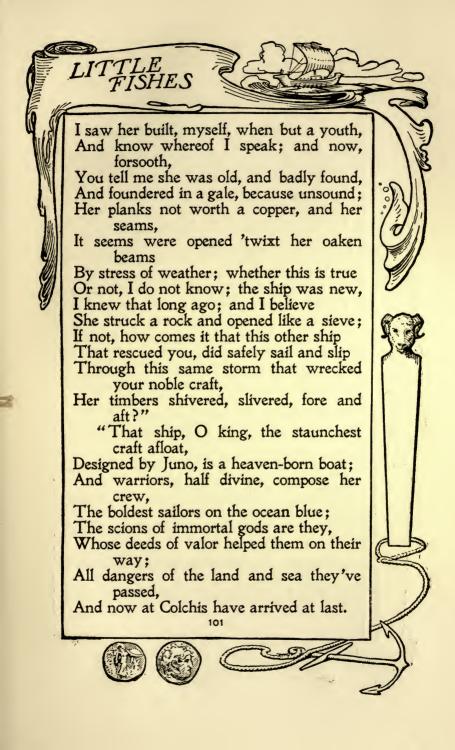


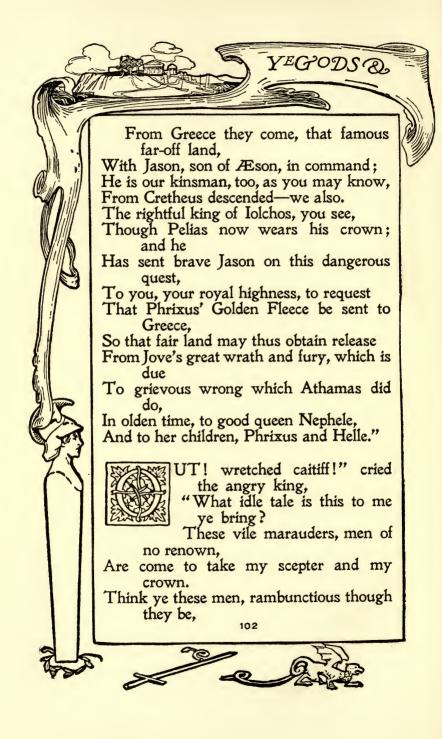


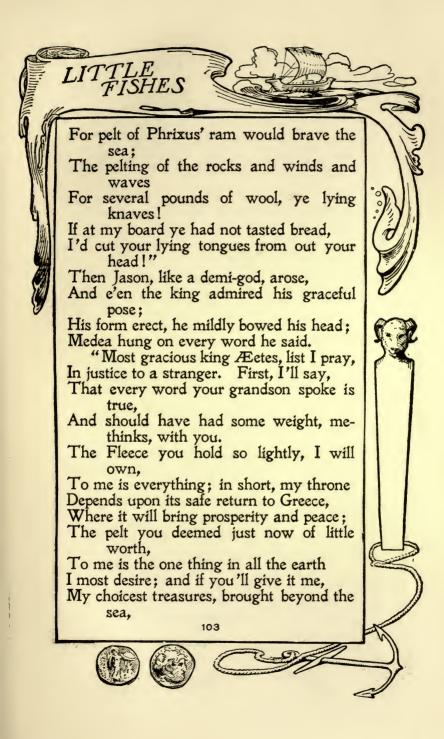


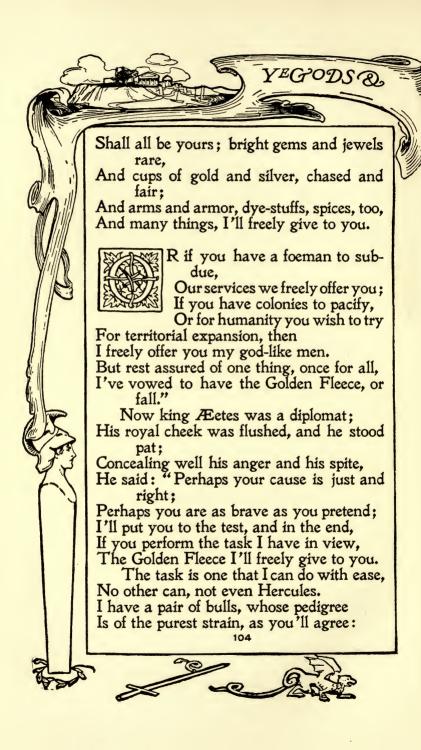


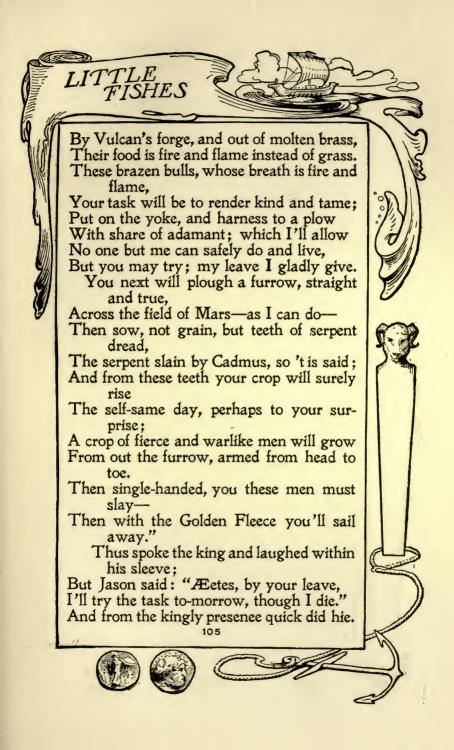


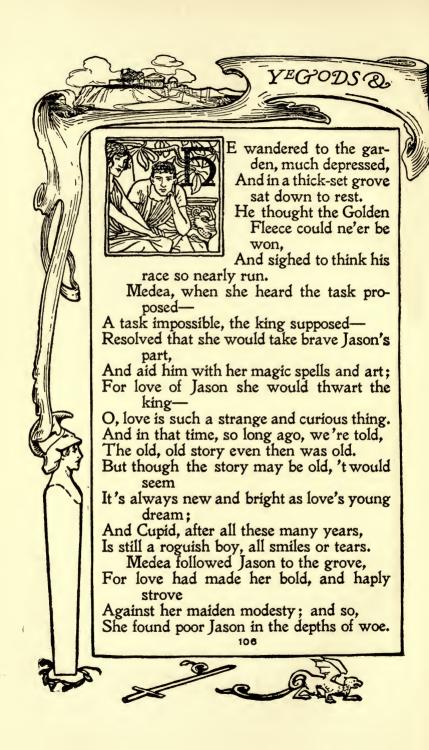


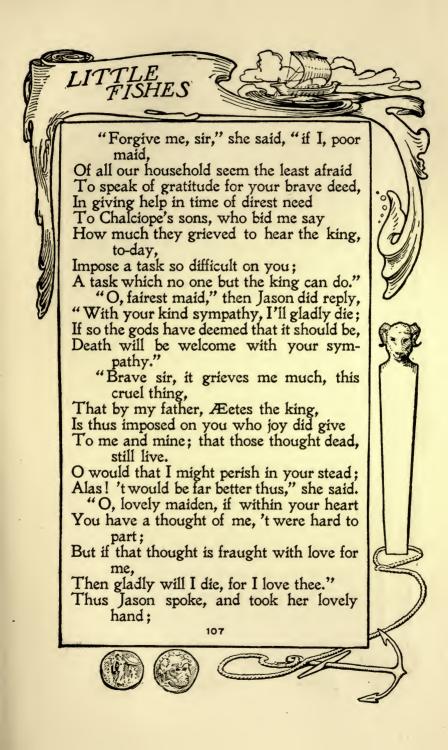


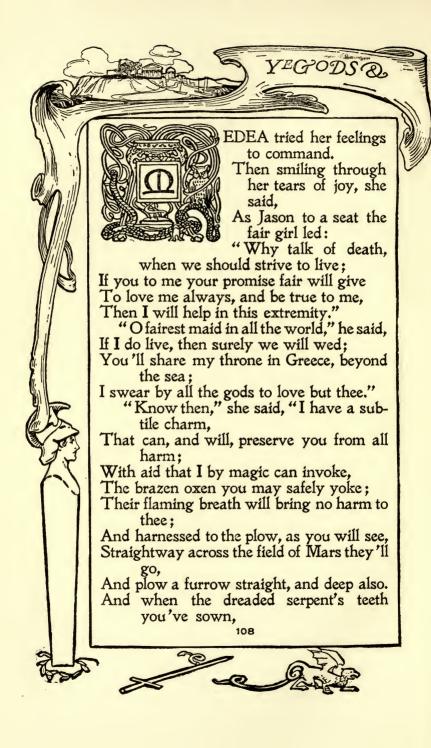


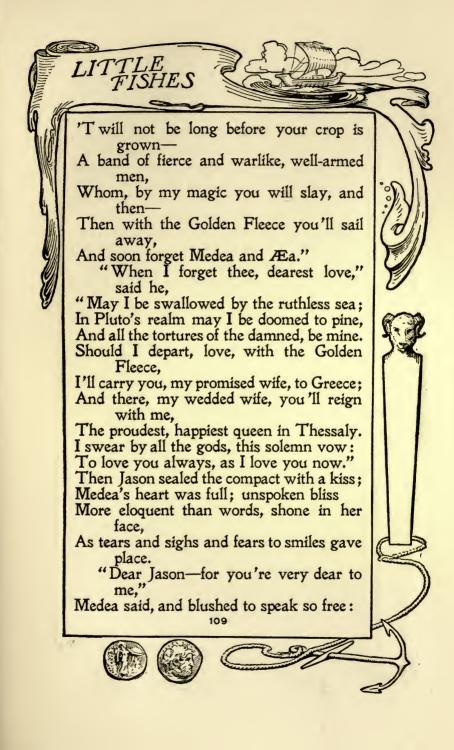


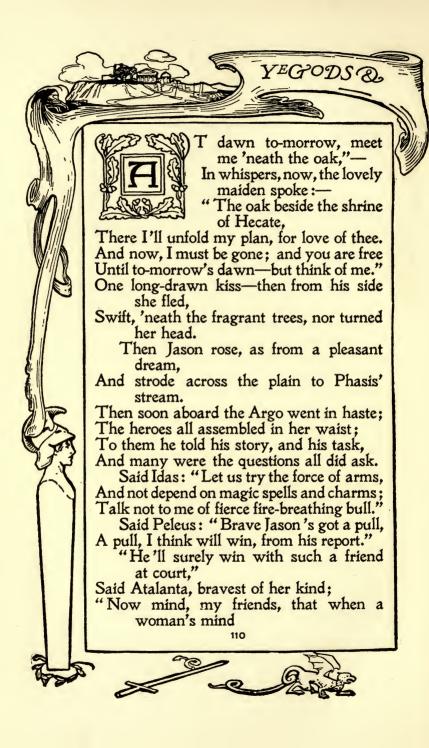


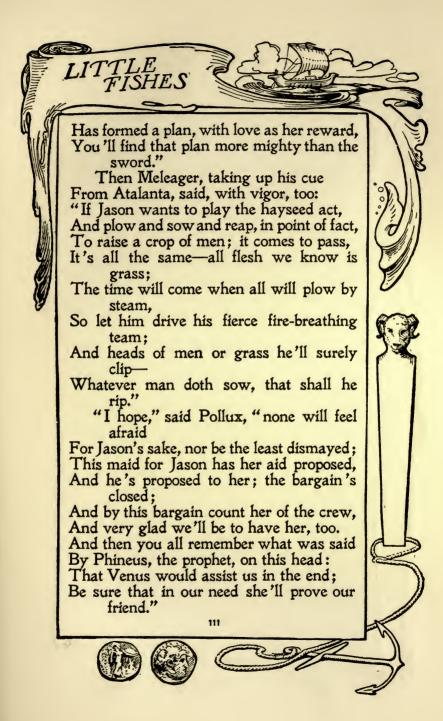


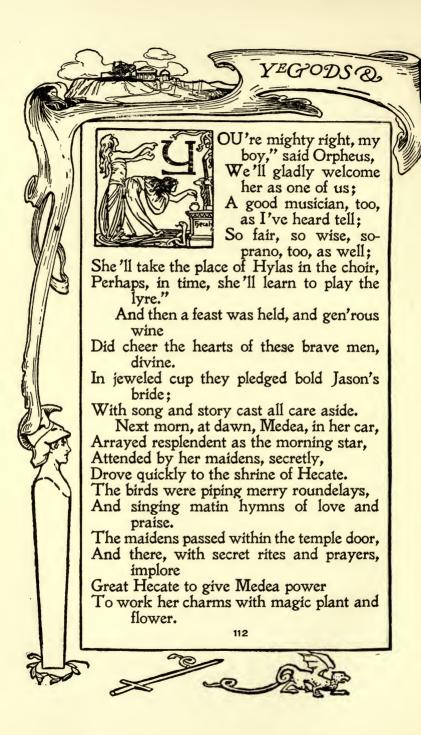


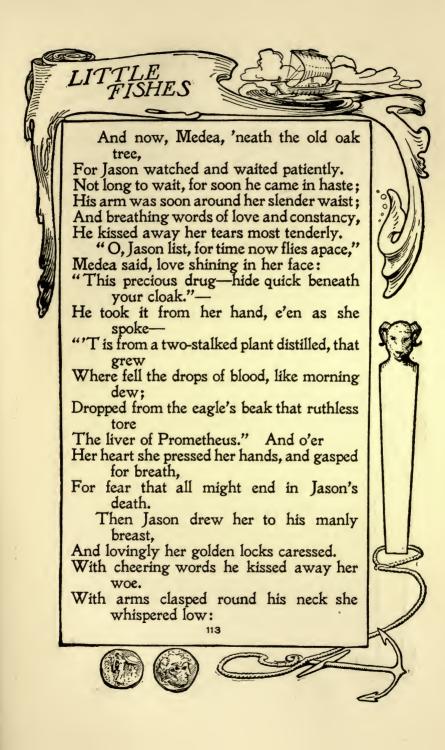


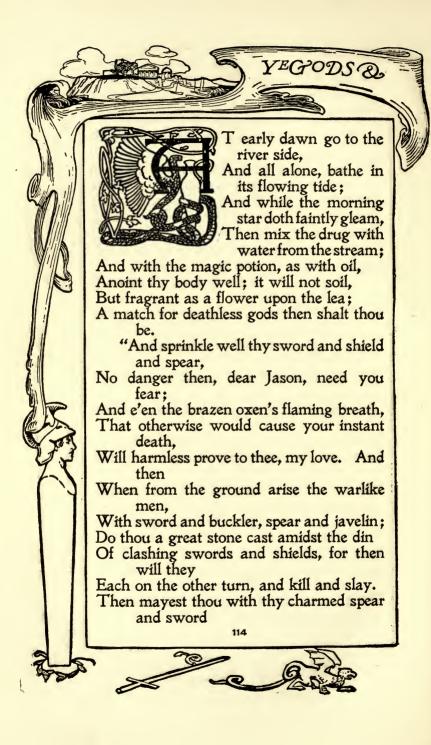


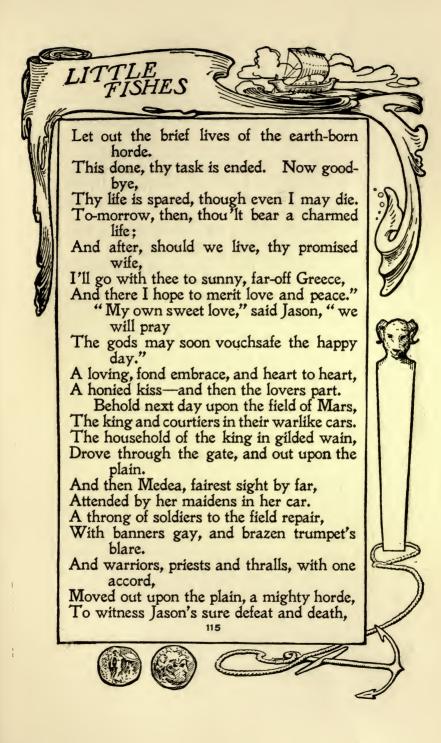


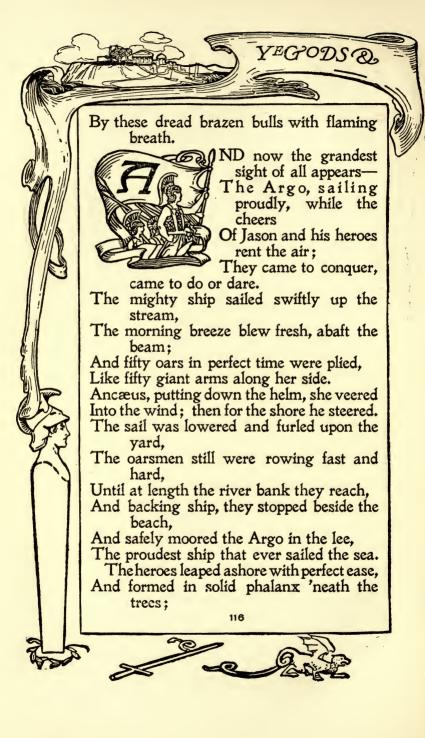


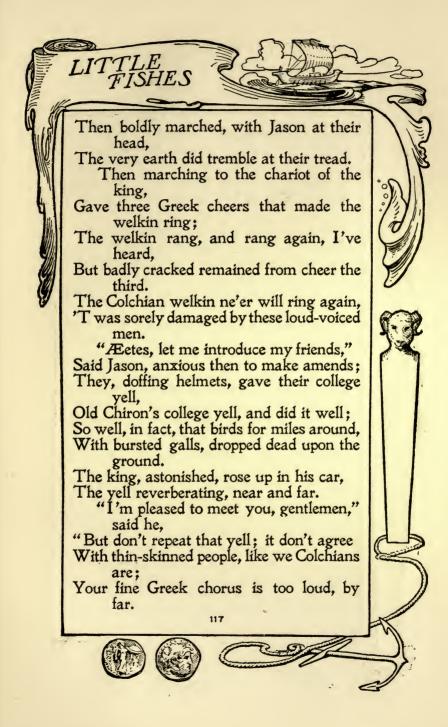


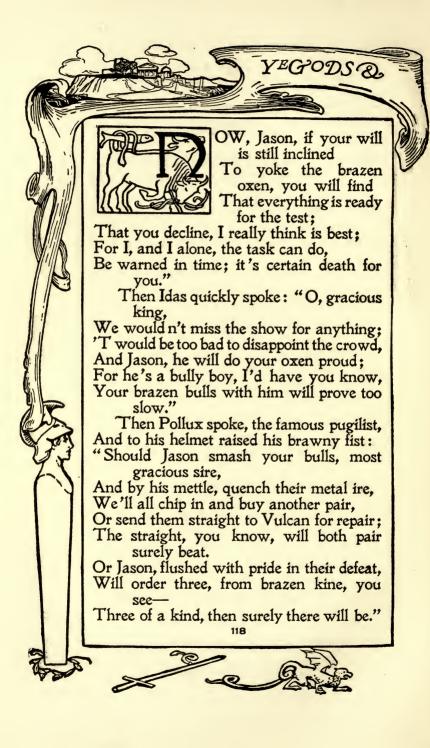


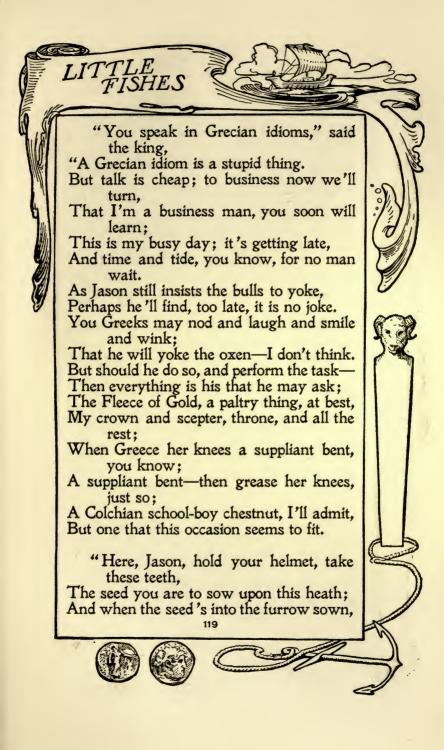


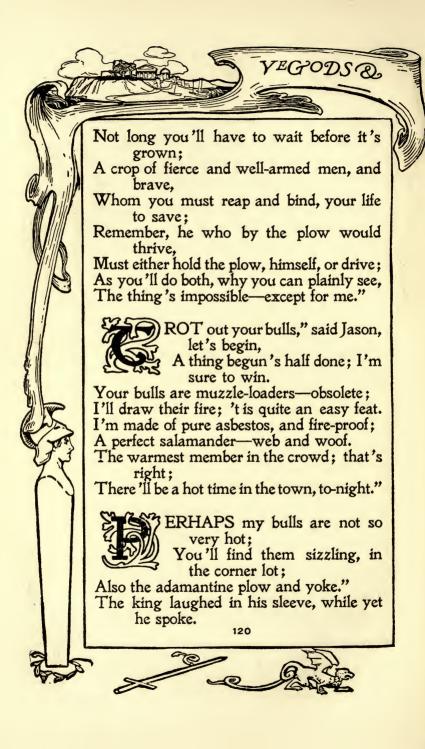


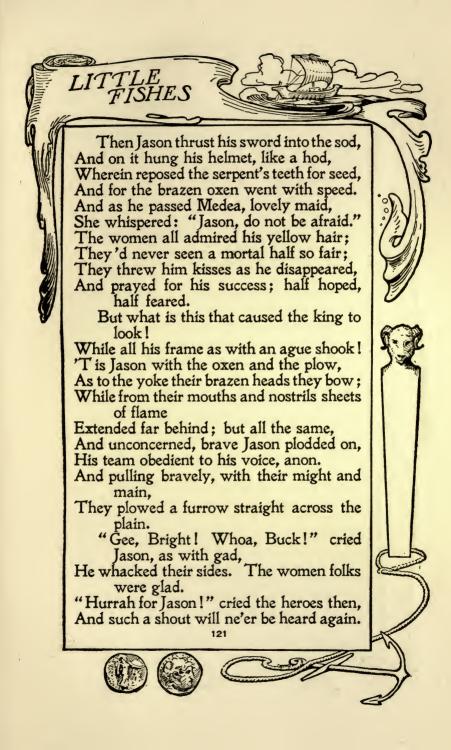


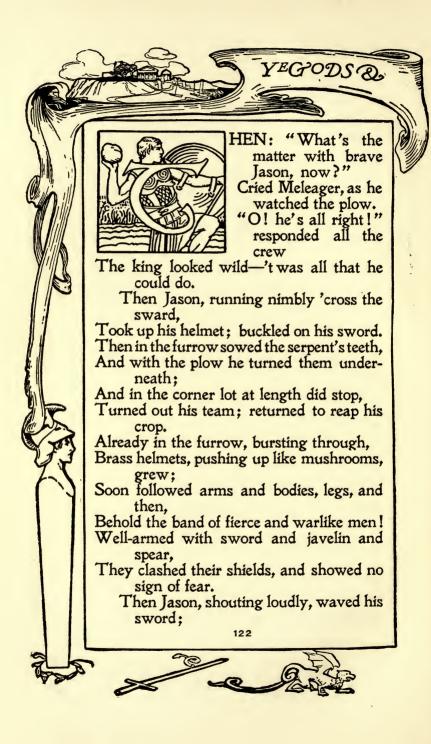


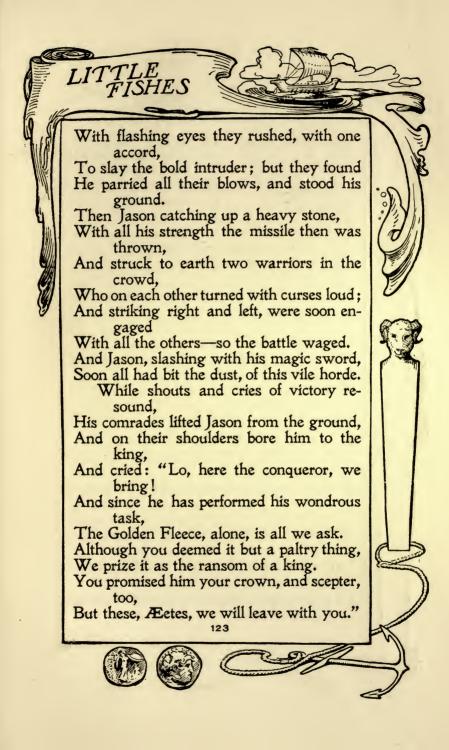


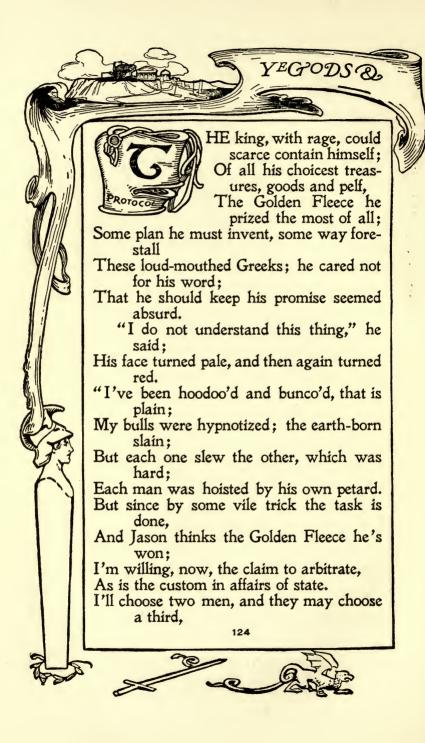


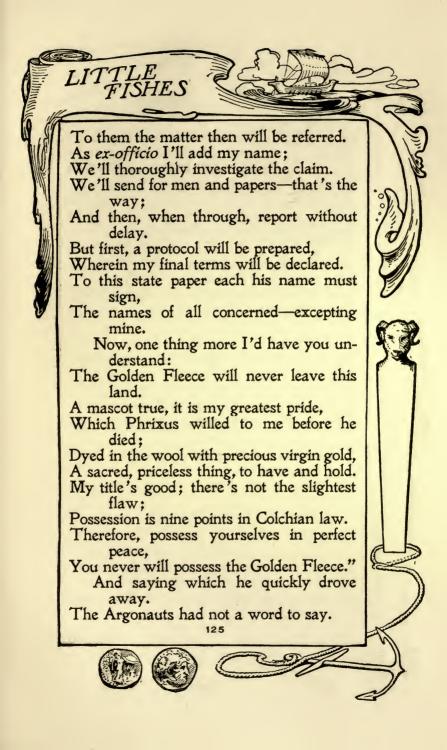


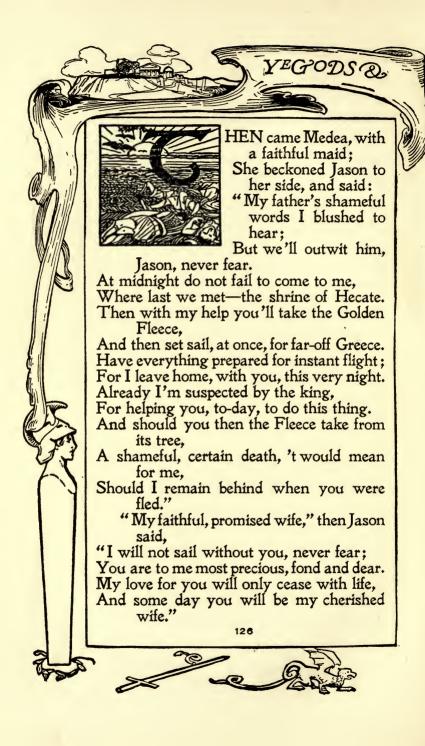


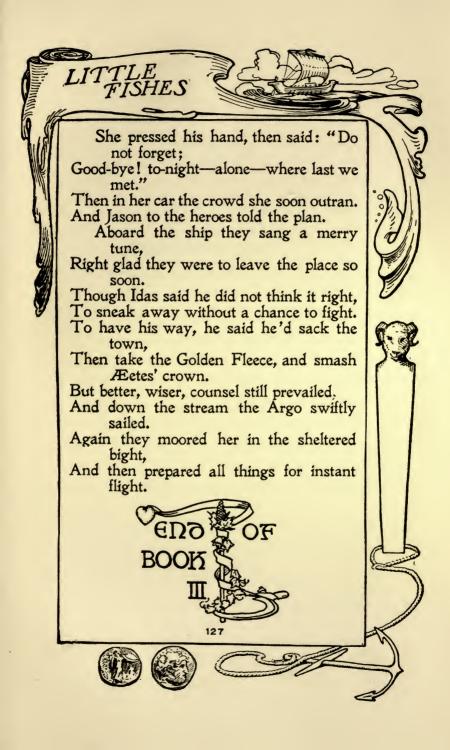












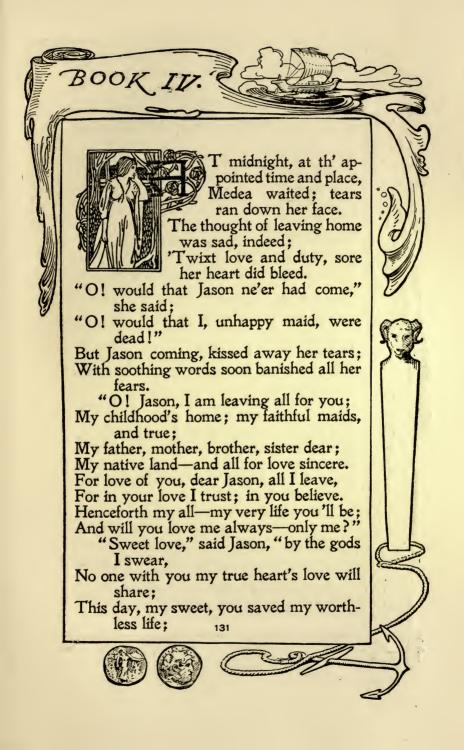
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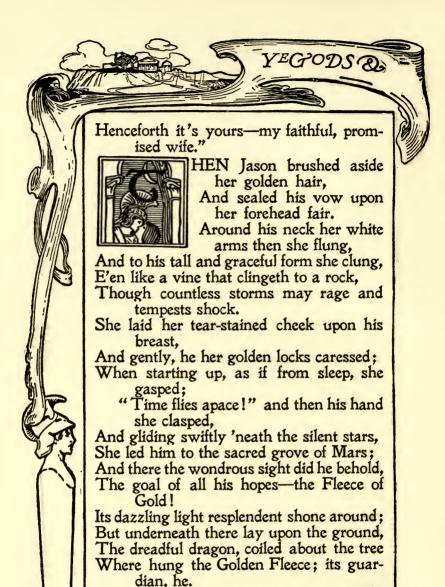
ARGUMENT.

Æetes discovers all: but meantime Medea has fled to the Argonauts; and by her aid they have taken the Fleece and gone. Absyrtus, son of Æetes, gives chase: but coming up with them is treacherously slain, at the mouth of the Ister, by Jason and Medea: whereat Zeus is angry, but Hera ever befriends them. Thence they come to Circe to be purified of the murder; and they pass through "the Wandering Rocks," and through Scylla and Charybdis, and past the Sirens, all save Butes; and come unto Corcyra, where Medea is saved by Alcinous from the pursuit of the Colchians, and is wedded to Jason. Next they are driven to the Syrtis off Libya, and suffer greatly from thirst. Here Canthus and Mopsus meet their doom; and the rest are saved by Triton and sent upon their way to Crete, where Talos withstands them, only to fall before Medea's magic.

After this they make a straight run to Ægina, and so without further adventure to their home in Thessaly.—
(Adapted from the Scholiasts.)

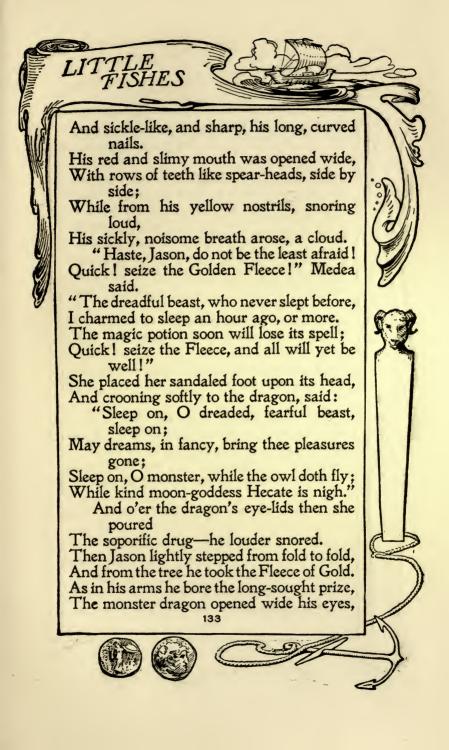
Che dreadful dragon, coiled about the tree Where hung the Golden Fleece;

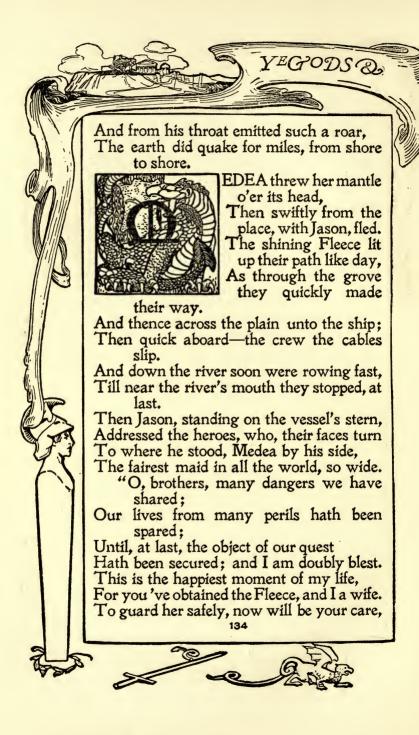


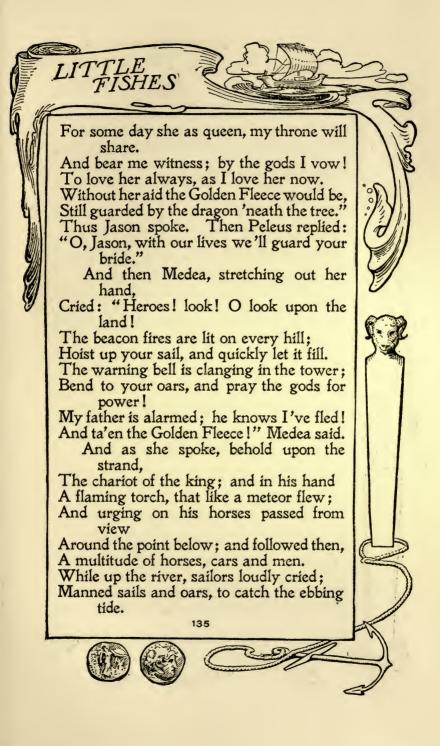


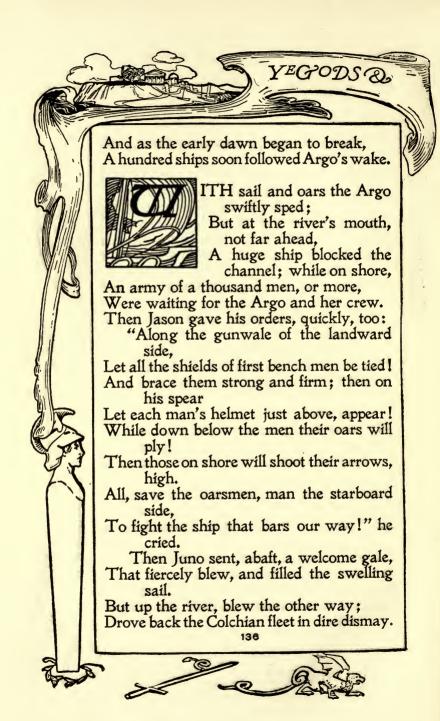
His countless folds were clad with shieldlike scales;

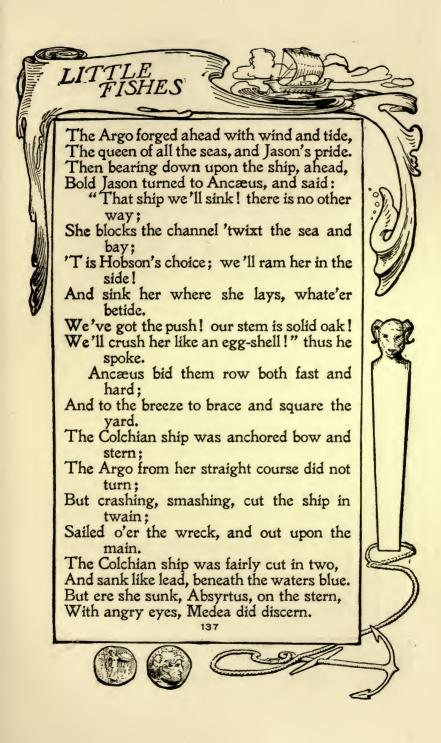


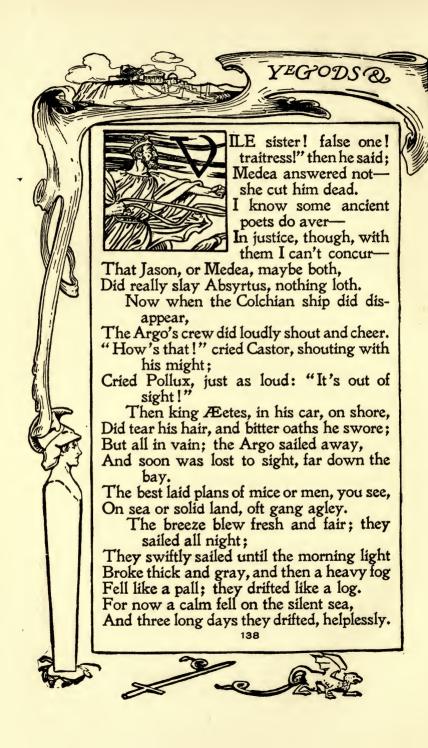


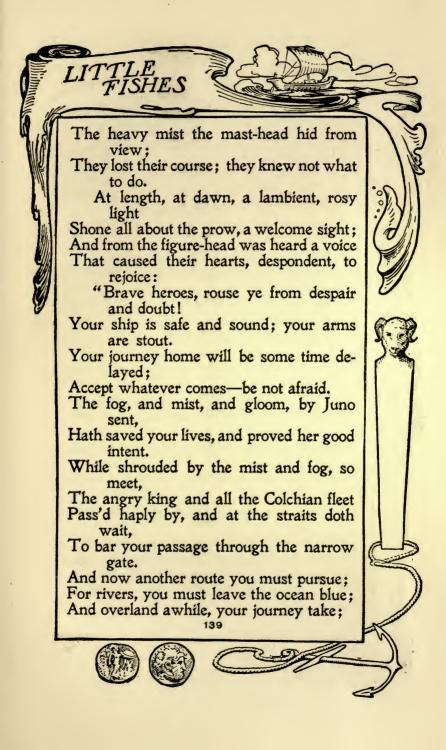


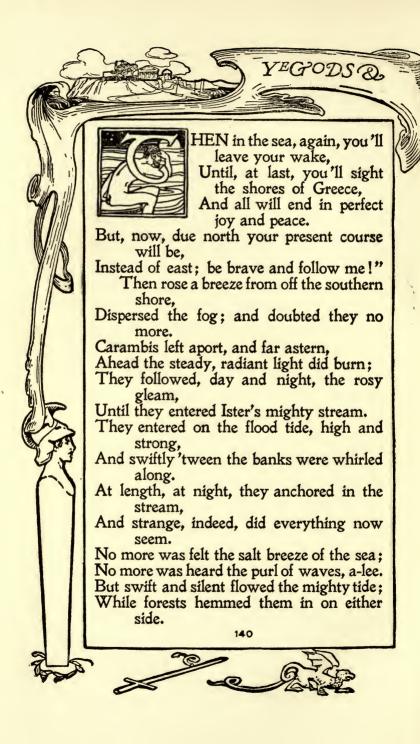


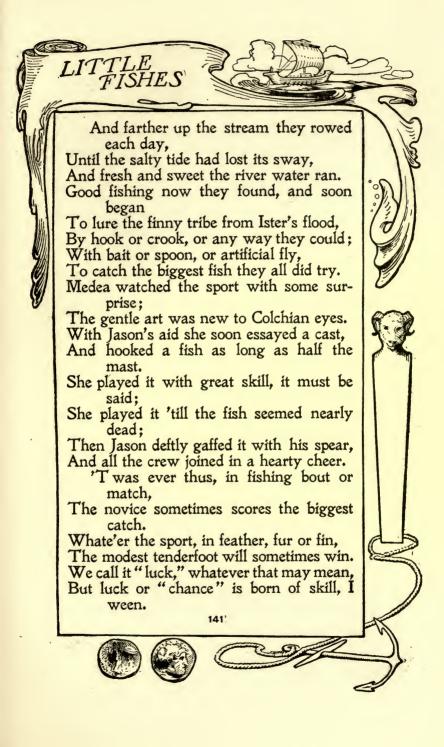


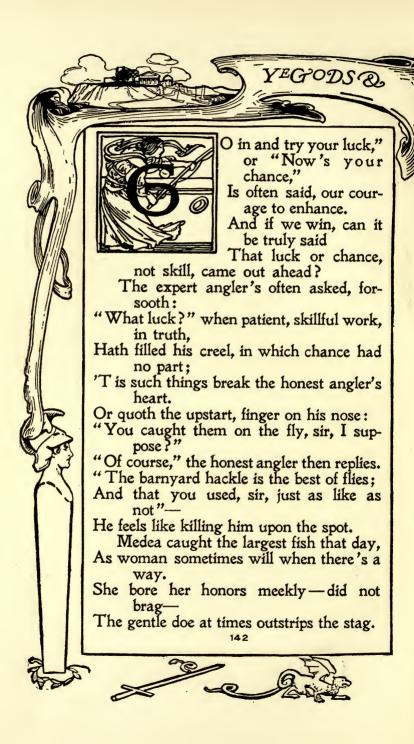


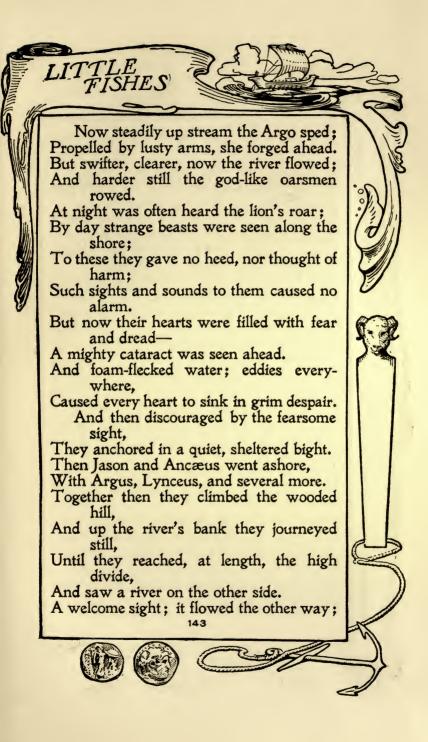


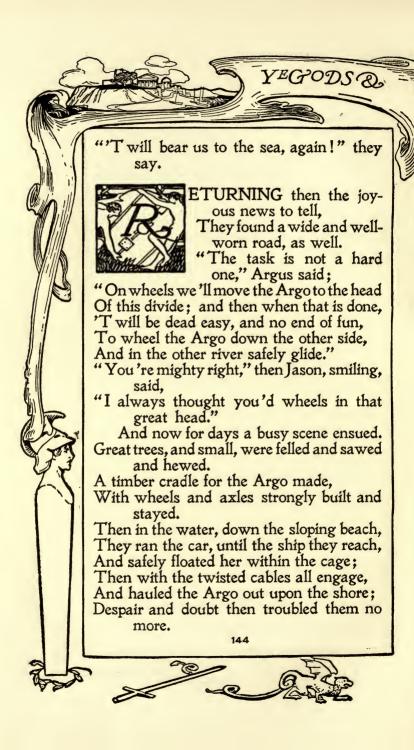


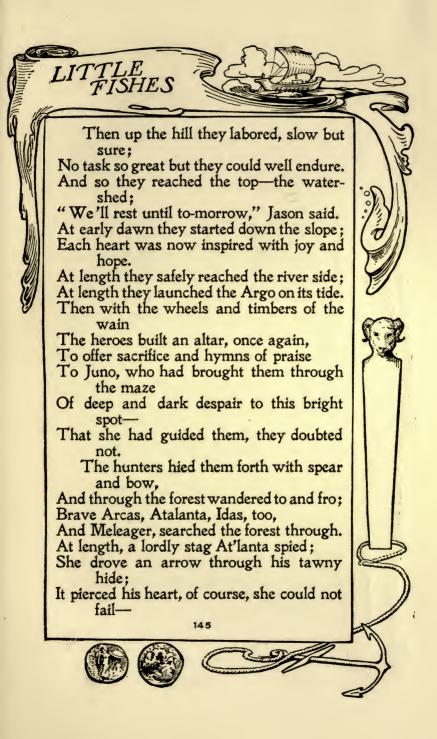


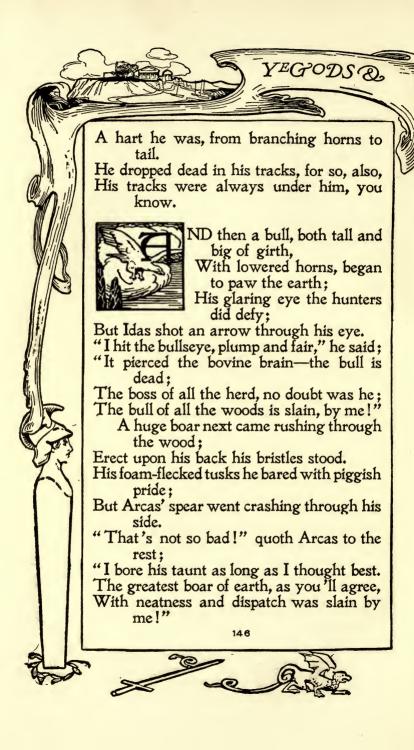


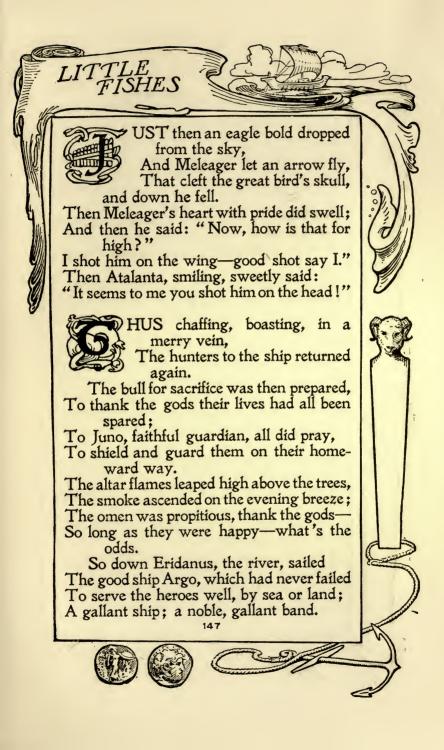


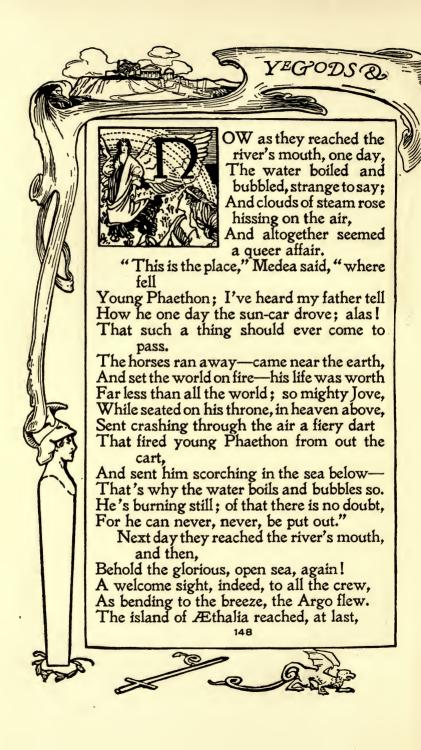


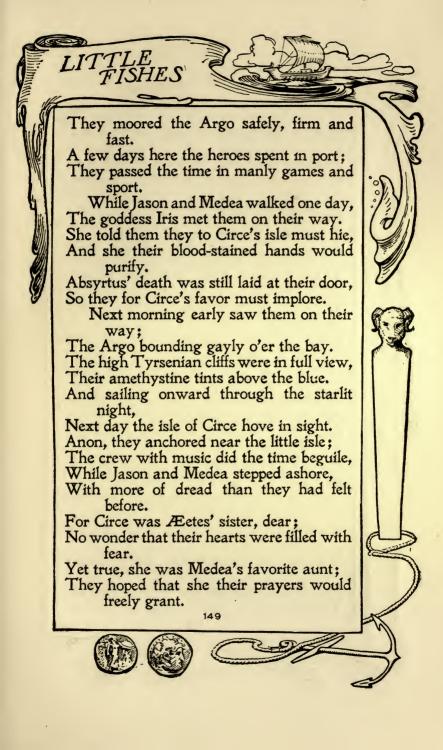


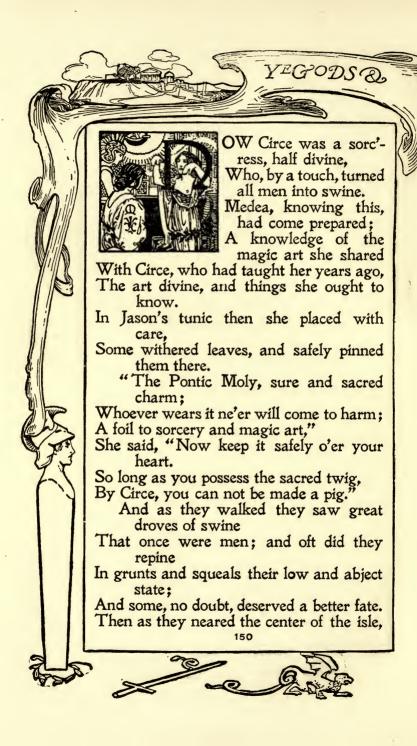


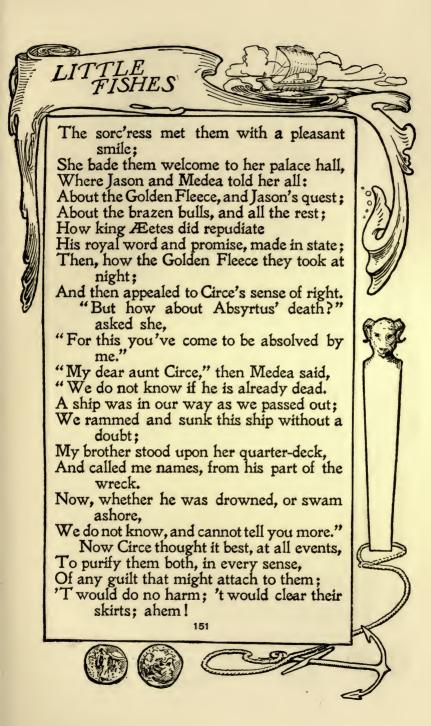


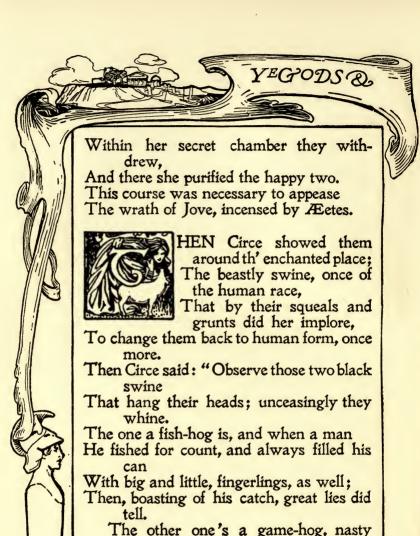












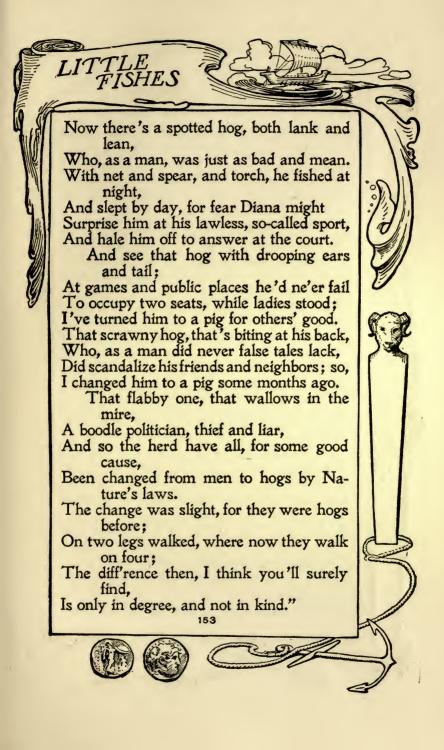
The other one's a game-hog, nasty

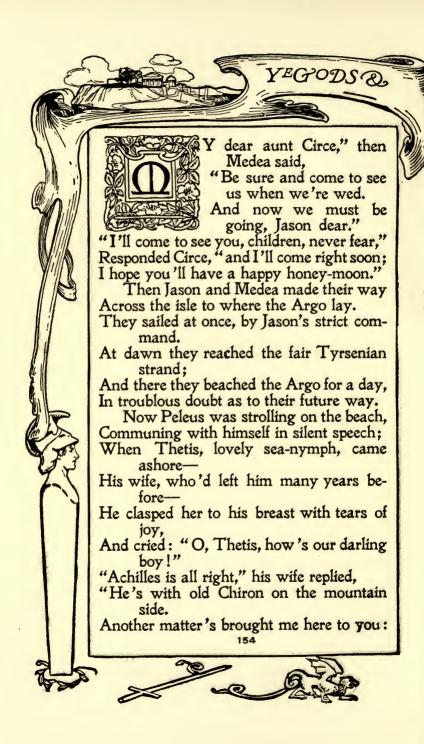
brute. Who, all day long, did nothing else but

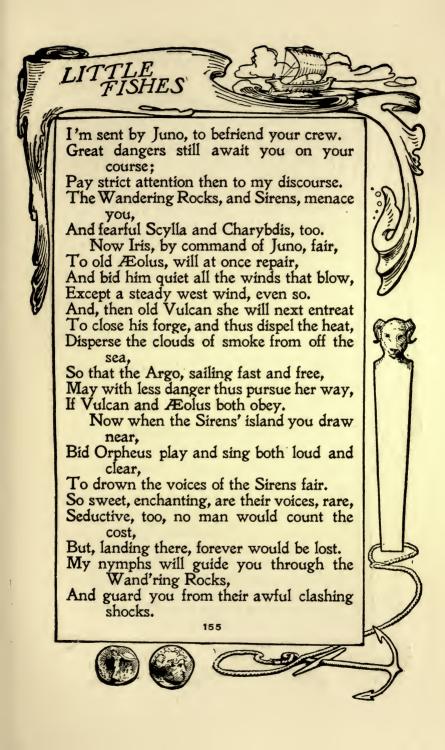
shoot; With bow and spear he roamed the forests wide.

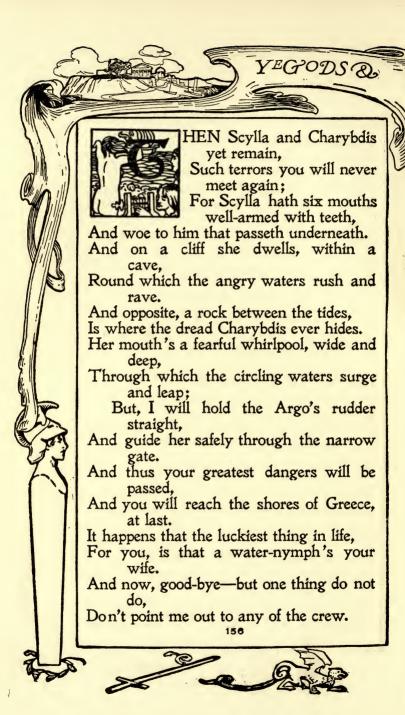
And potted every living thing he spied.

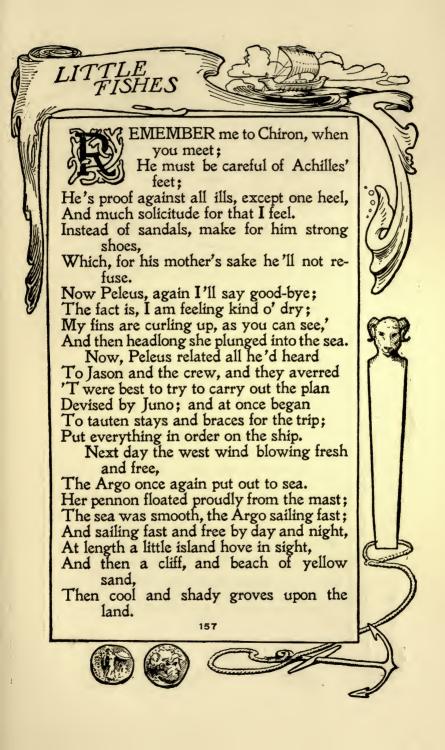


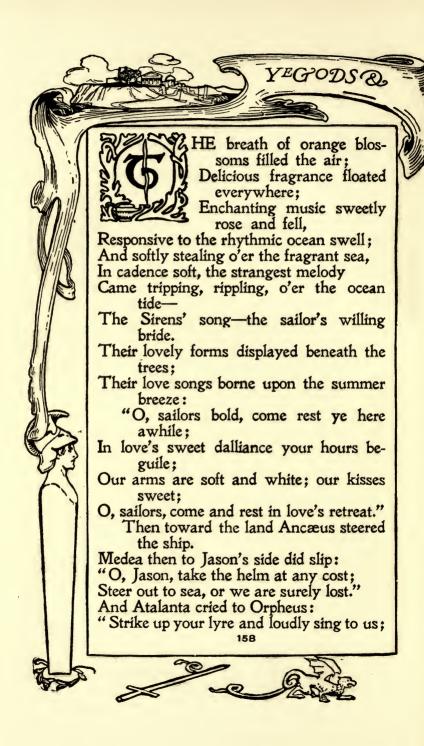


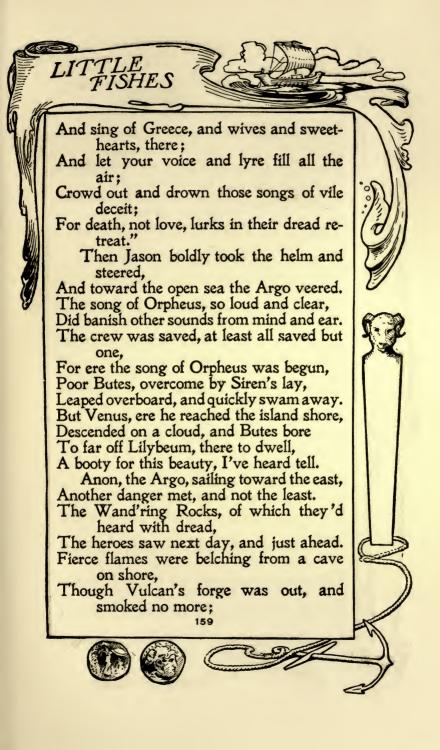


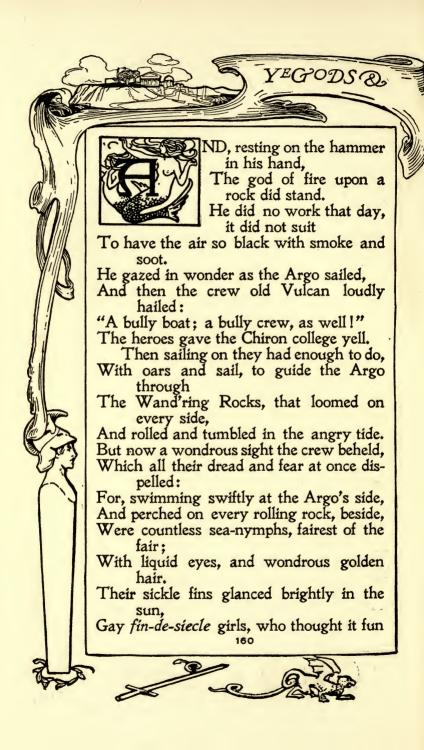


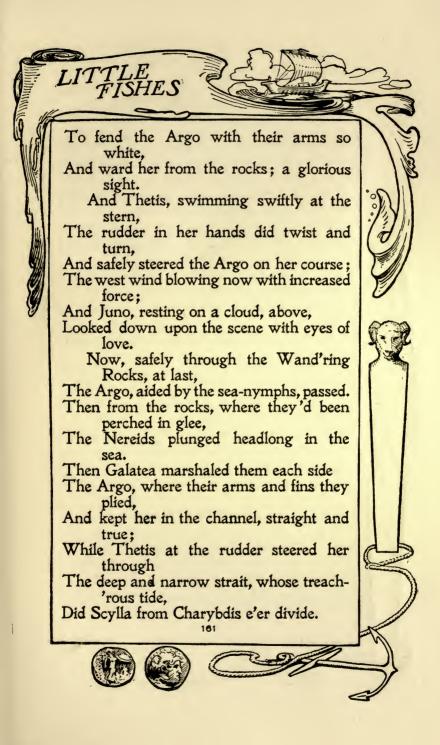


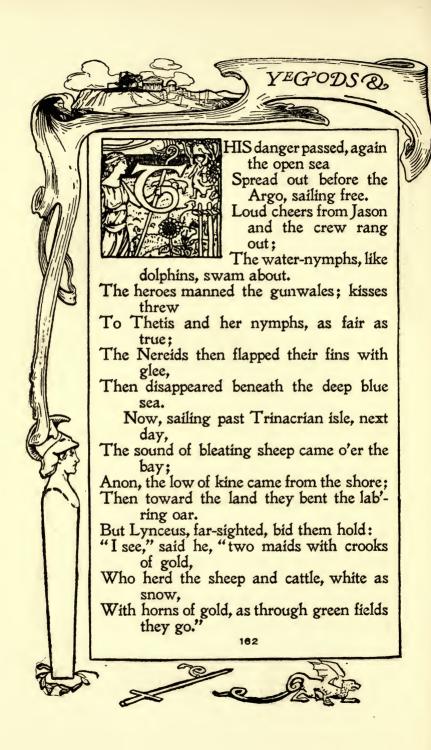


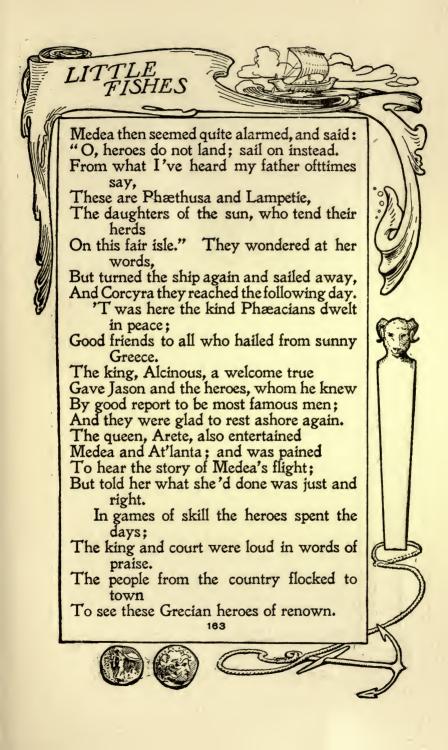


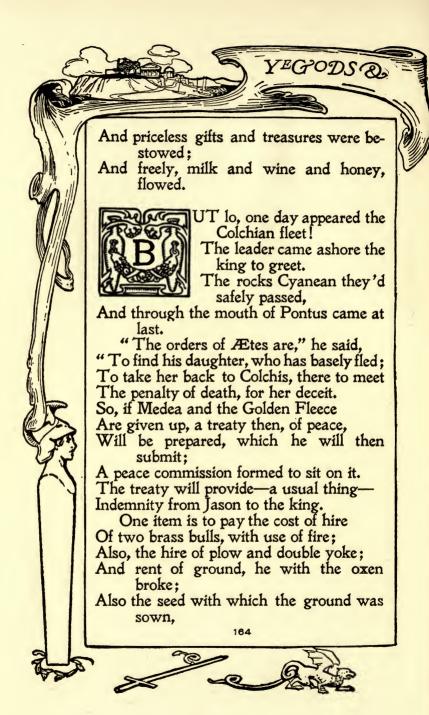


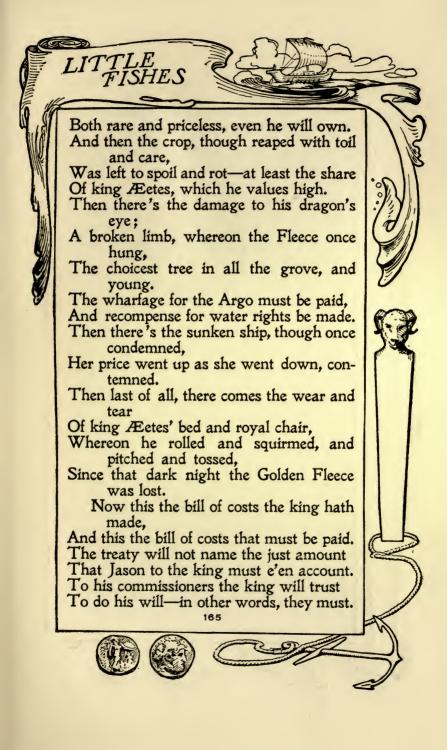


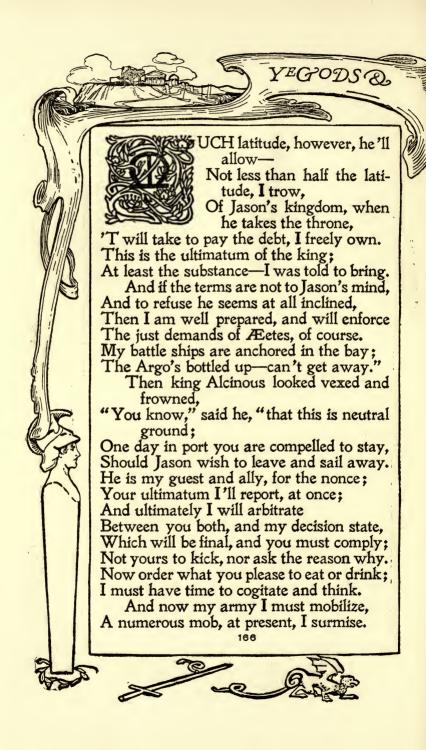


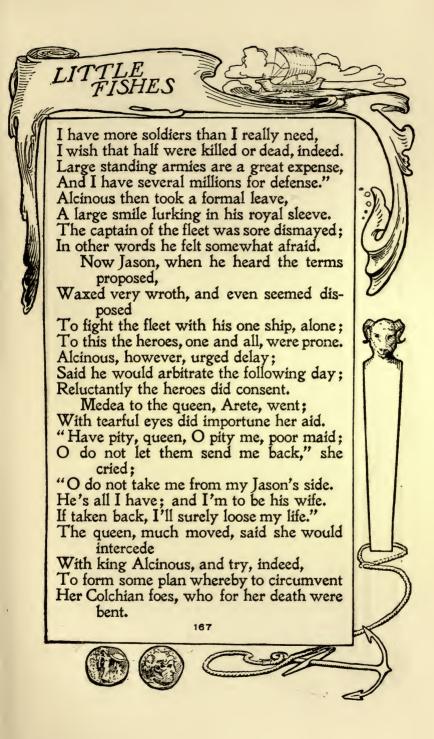


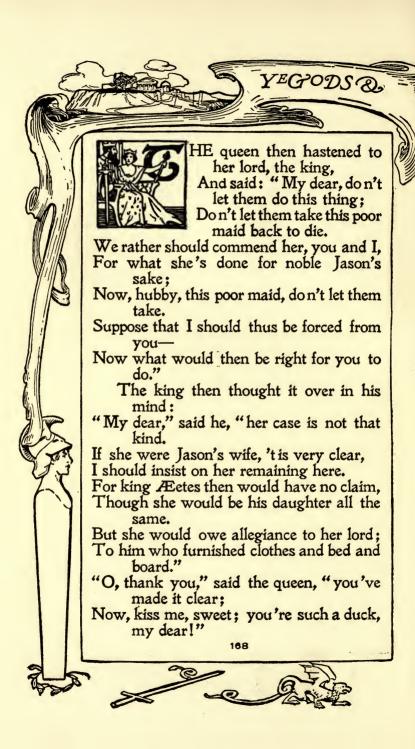


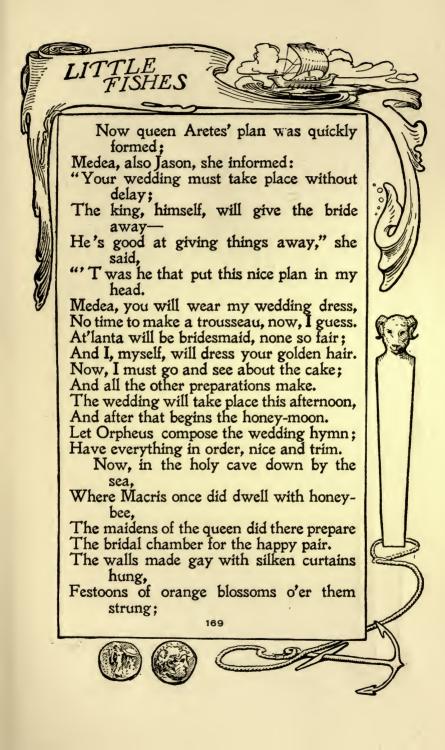


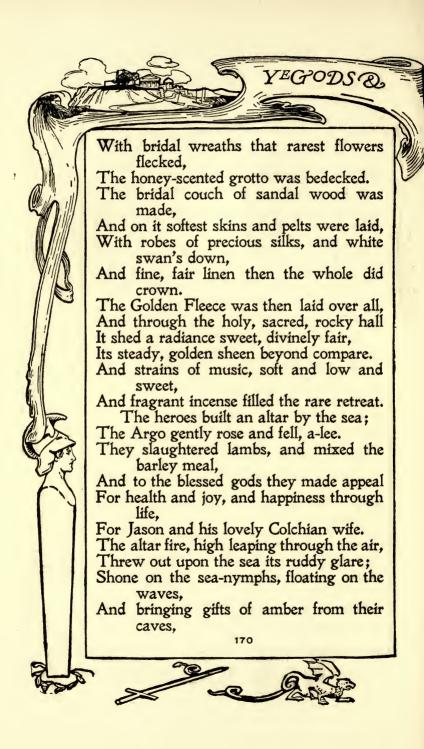


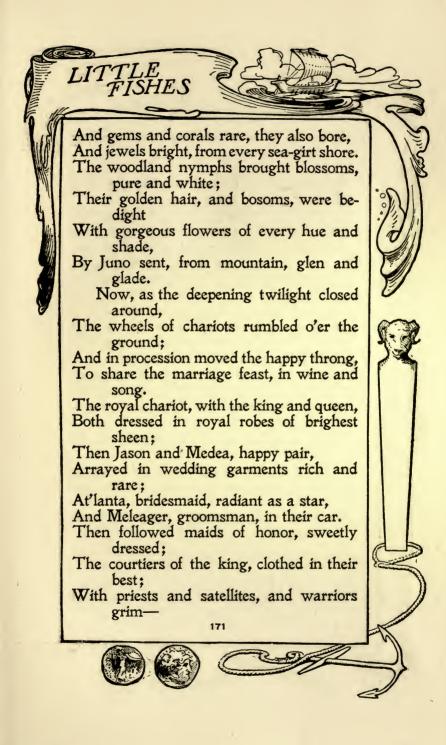


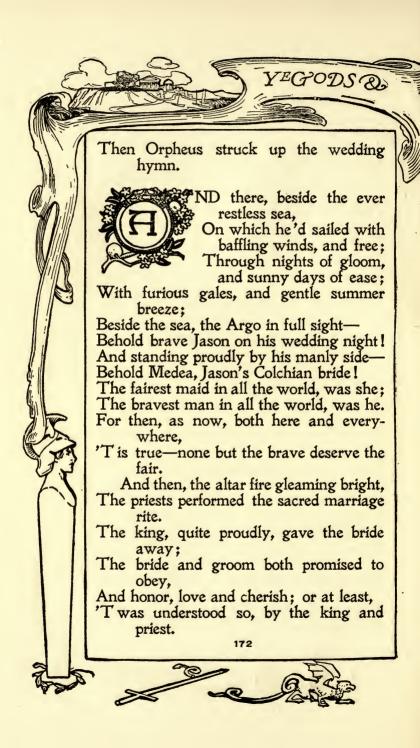


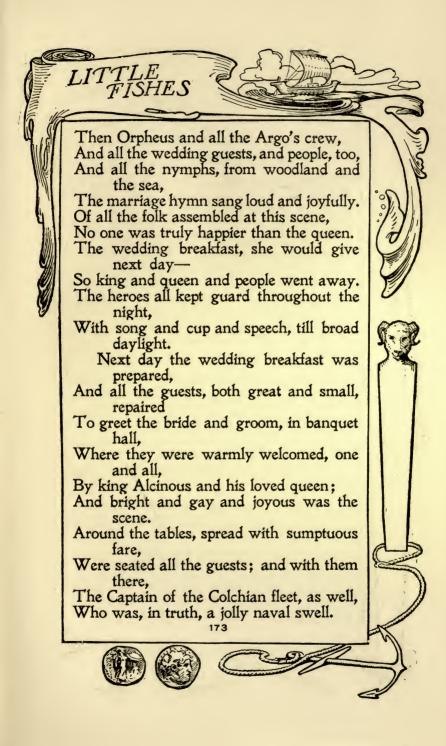


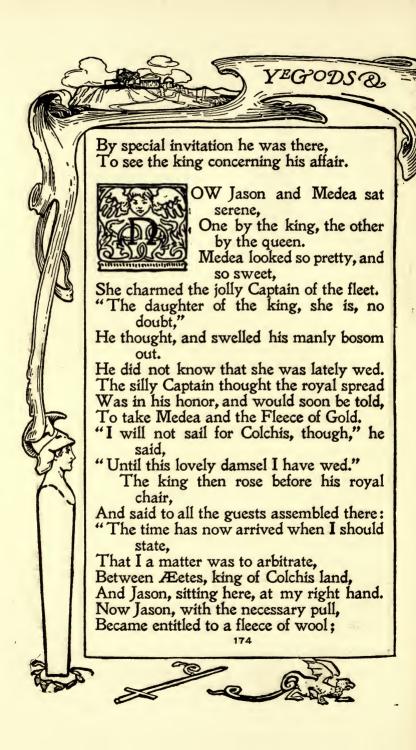


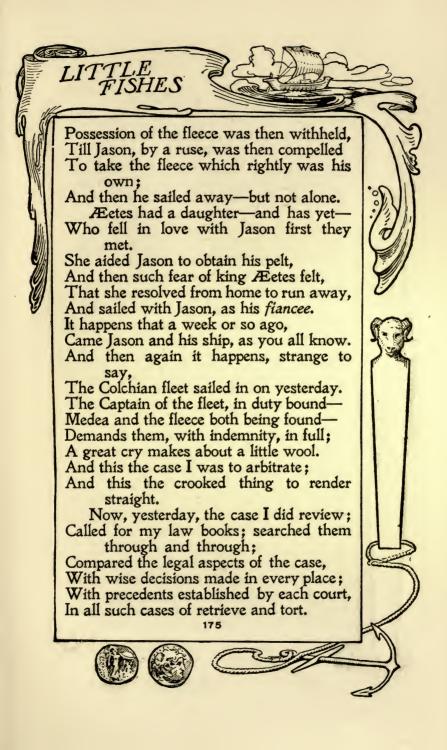


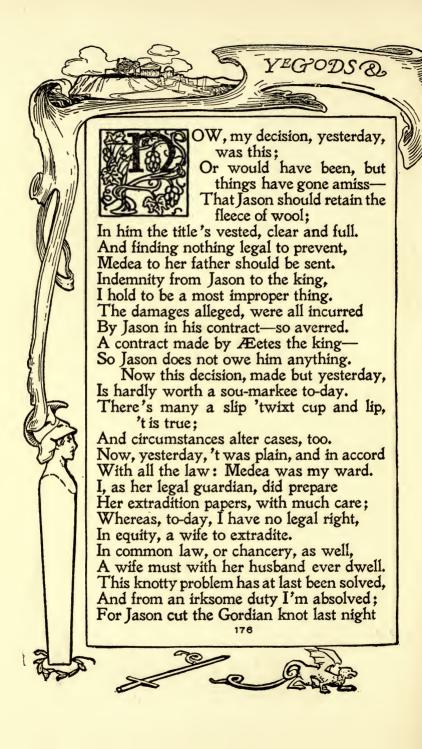


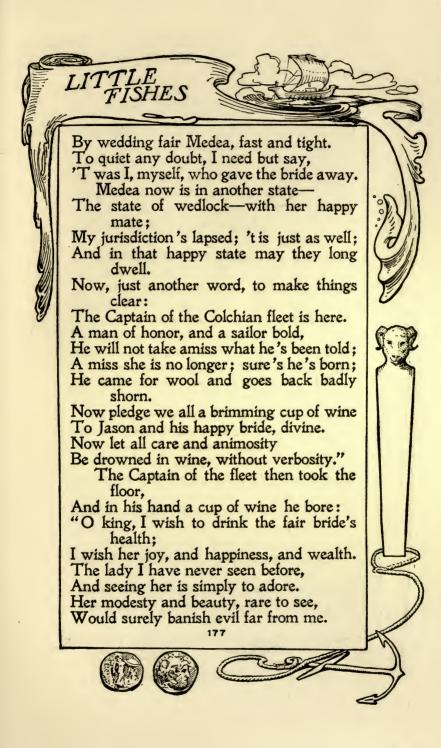


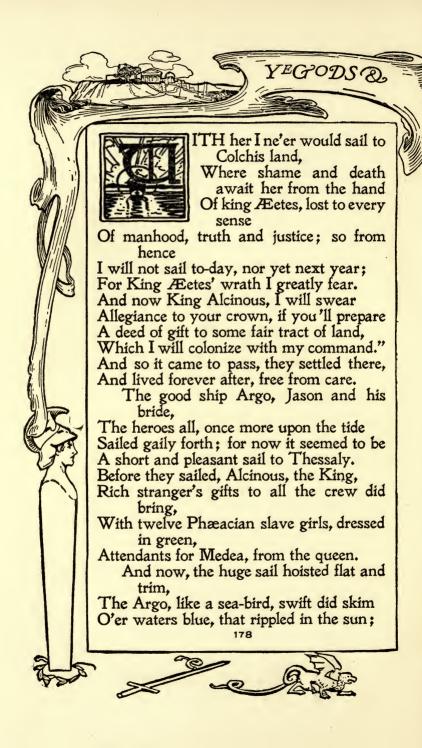


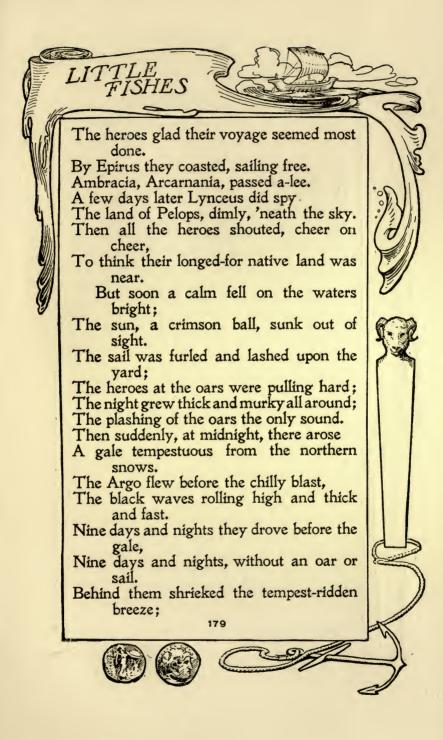


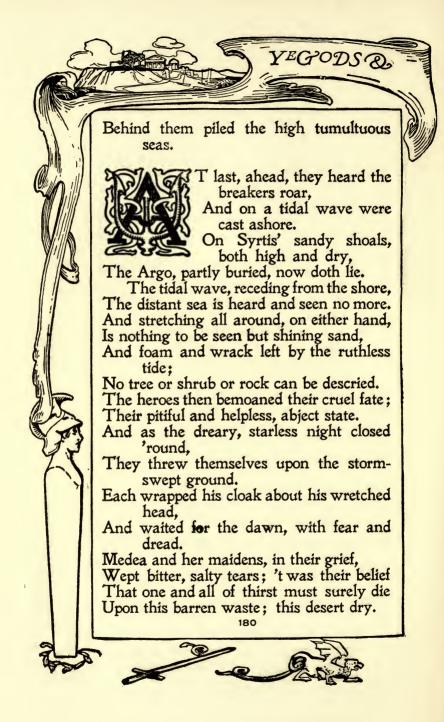


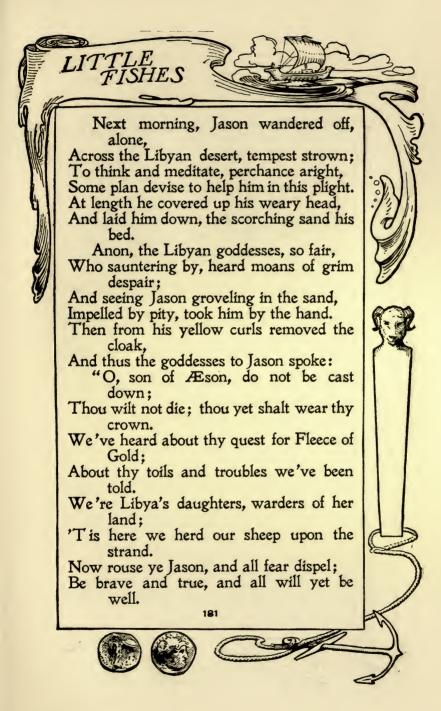


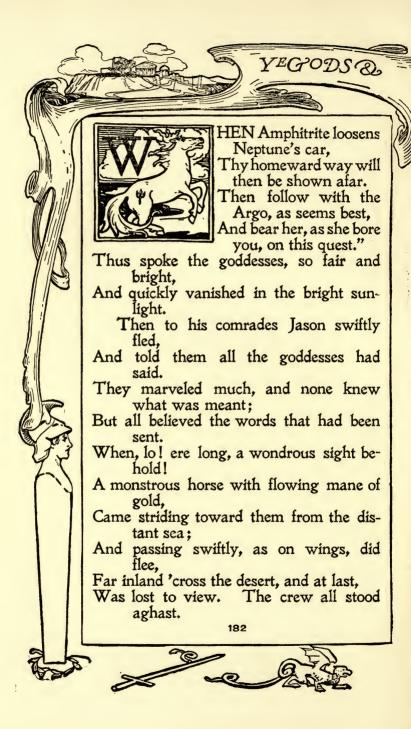


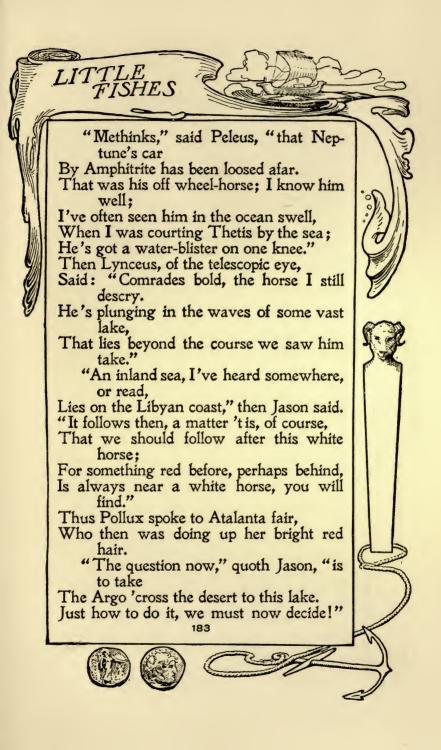


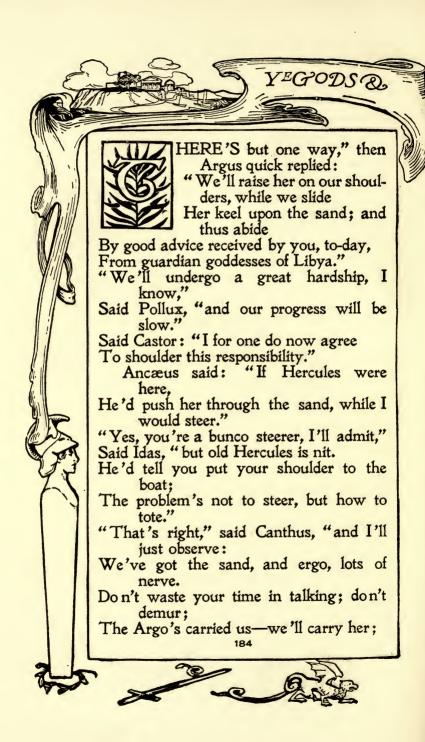


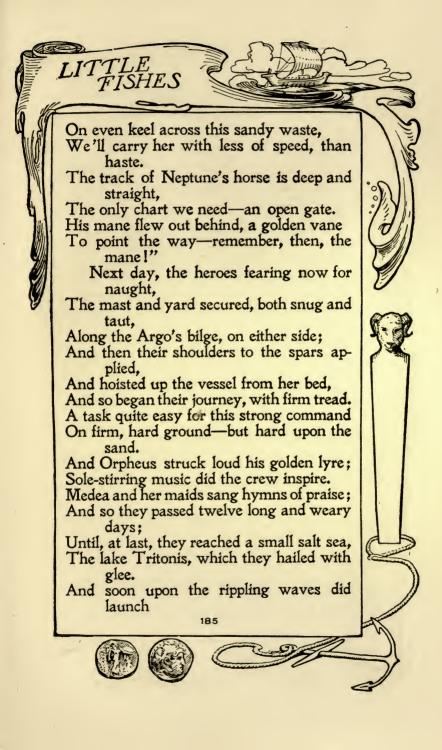


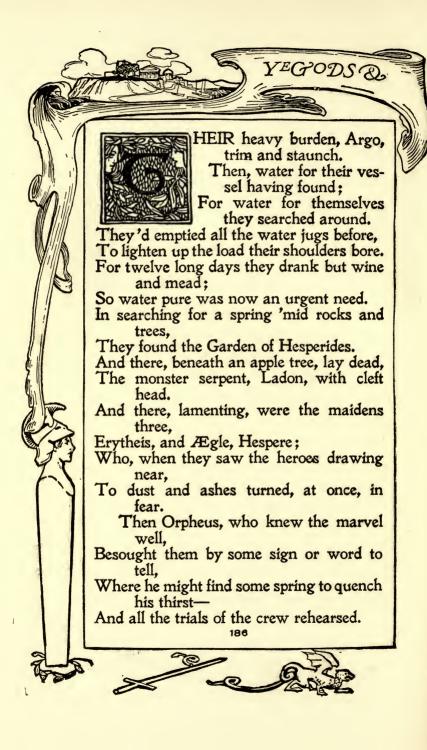


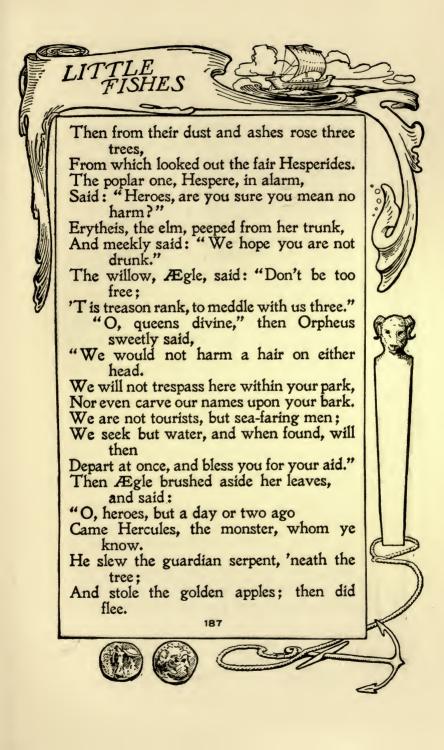


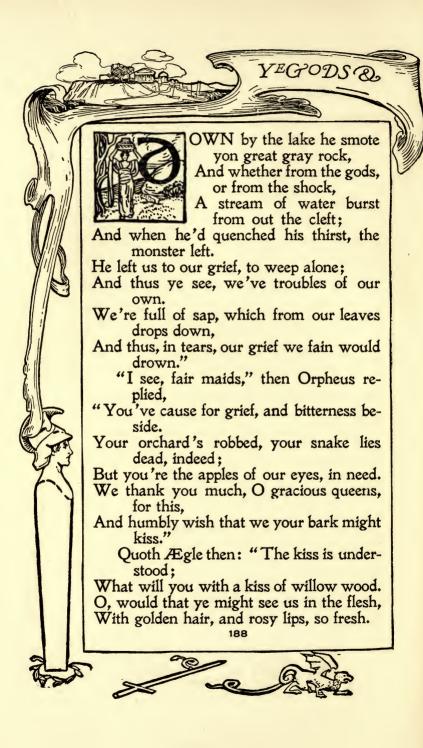


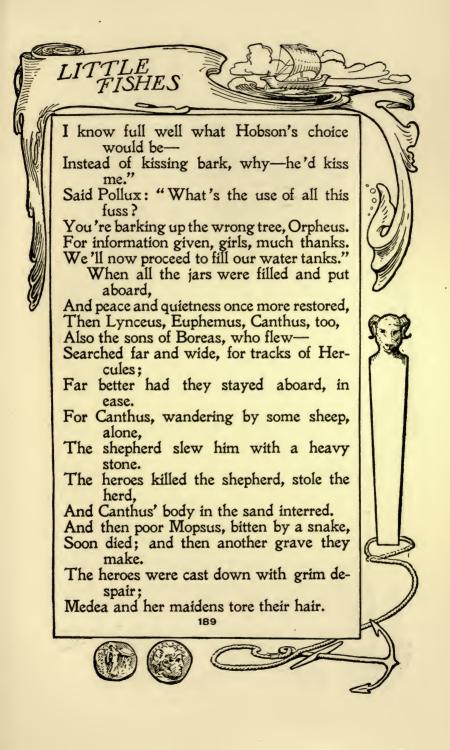


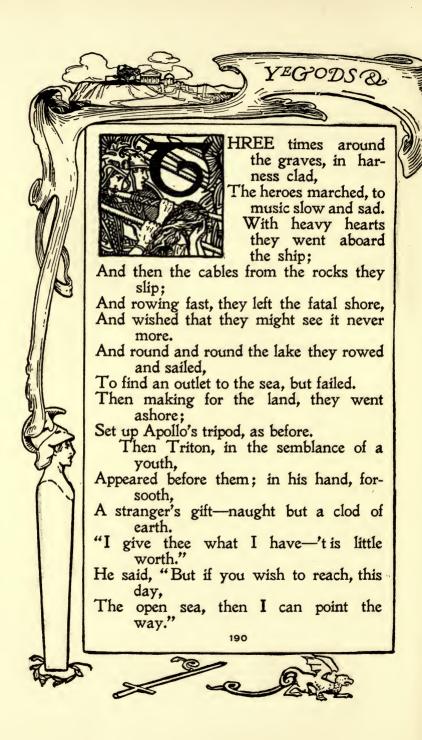


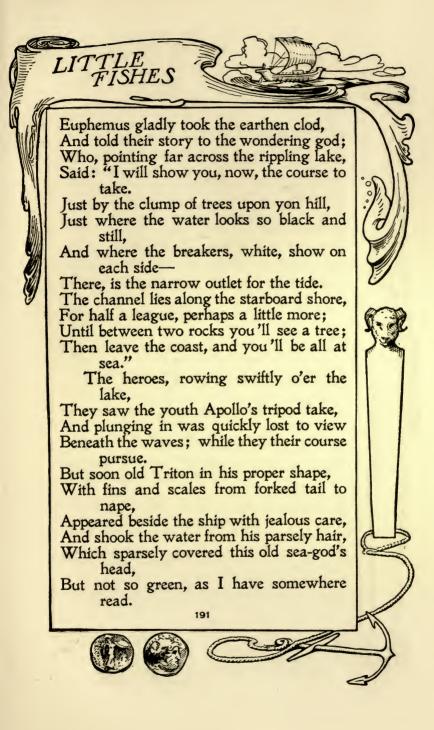


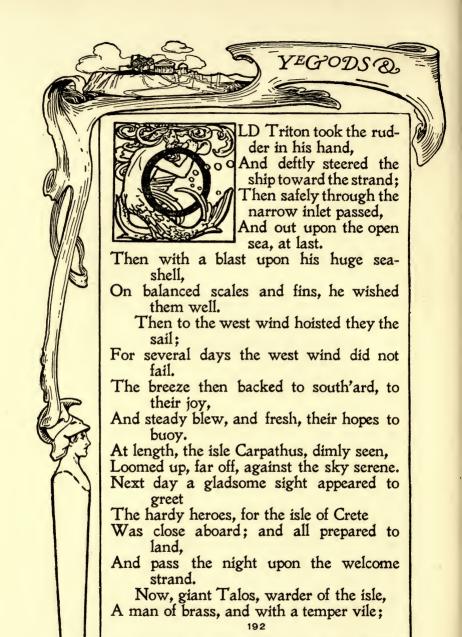




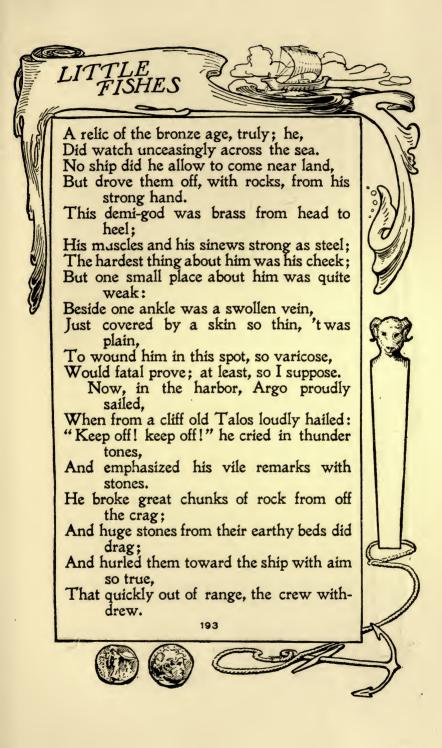


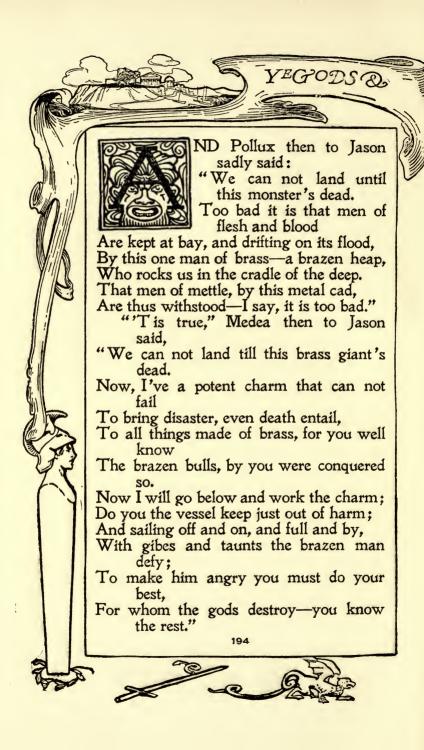


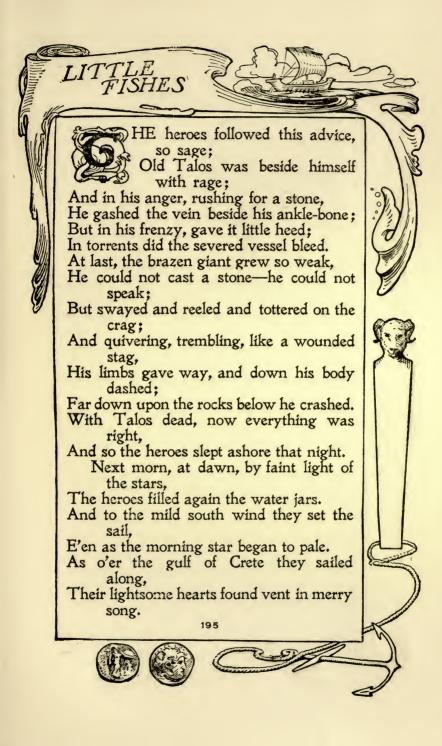


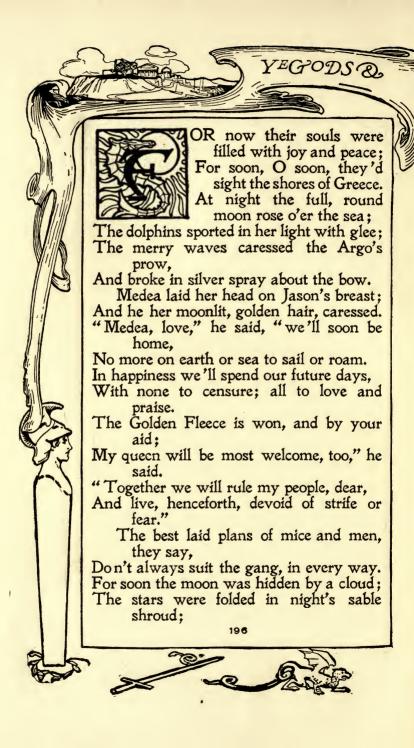


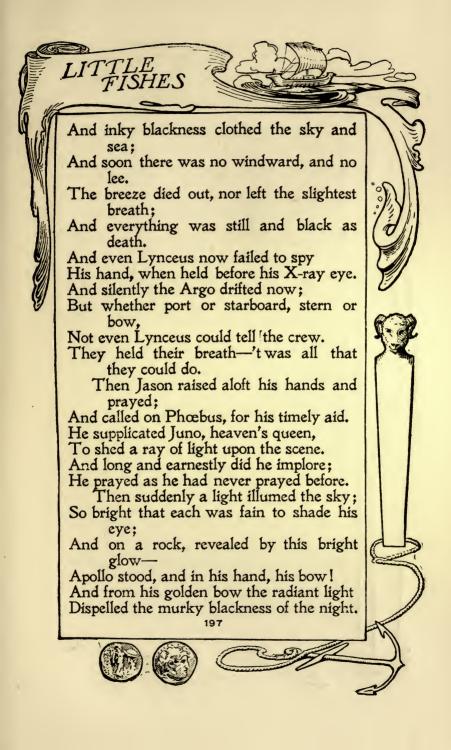


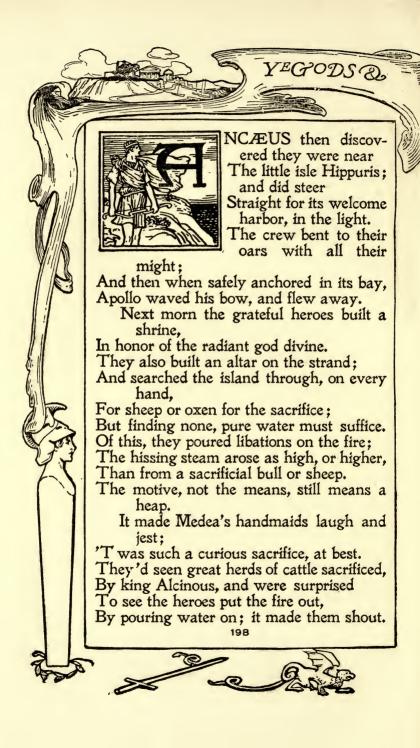


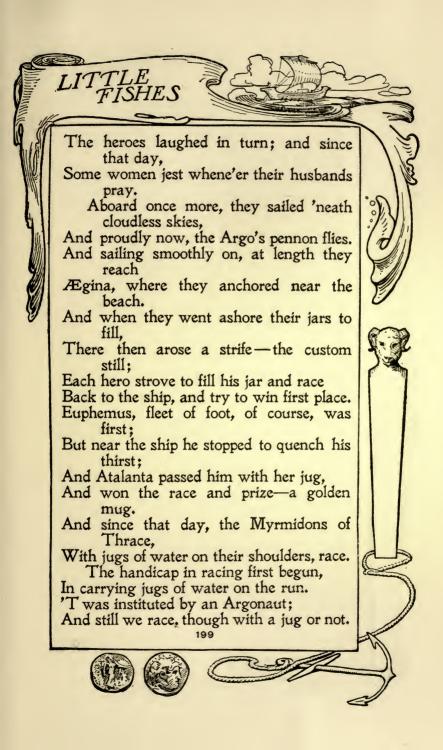


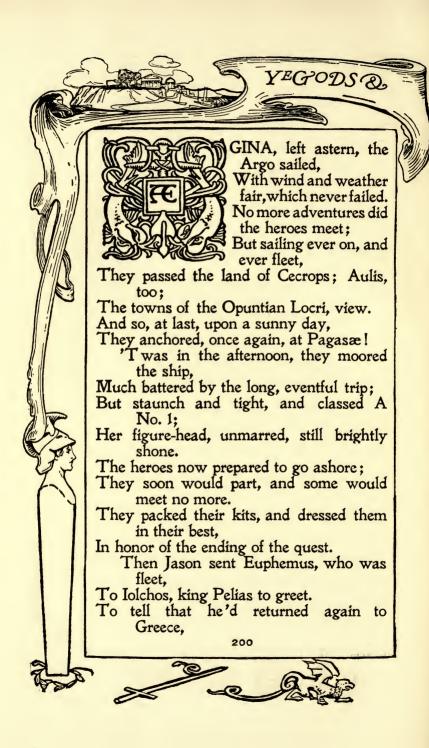


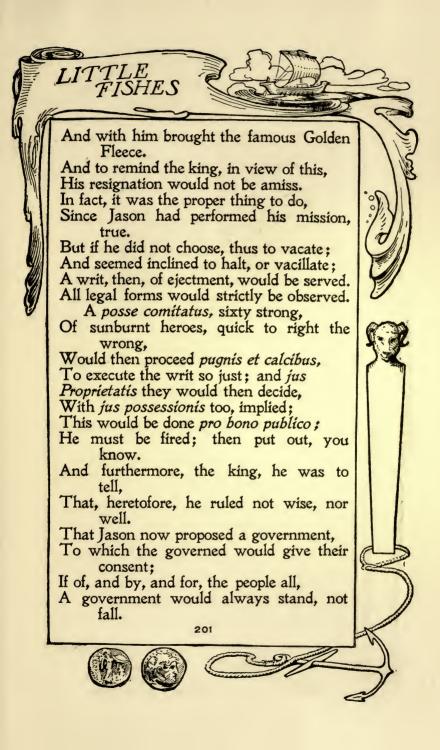


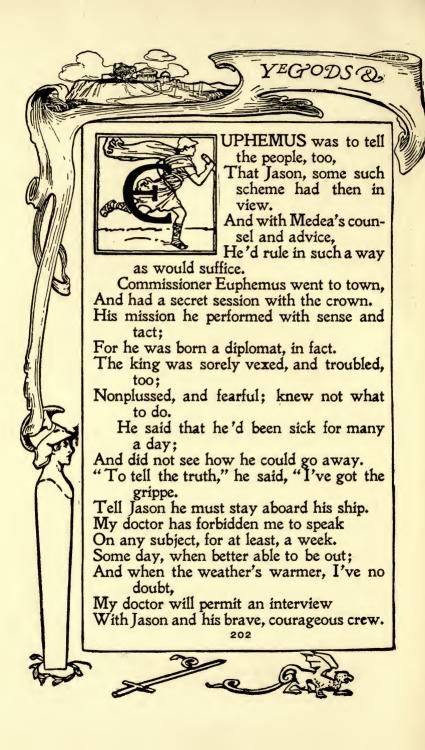


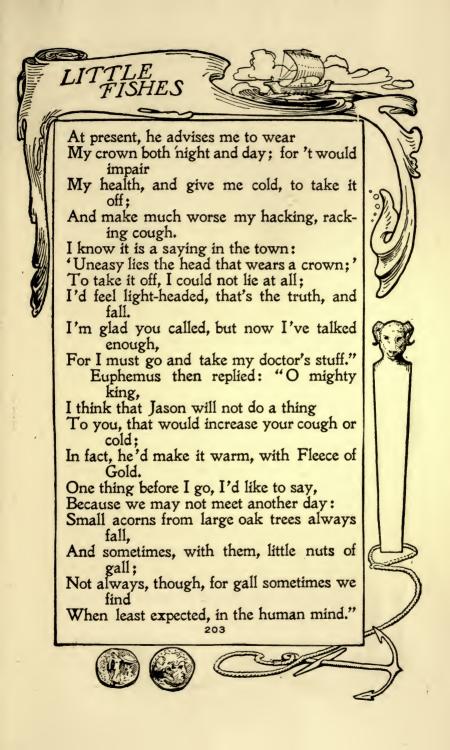


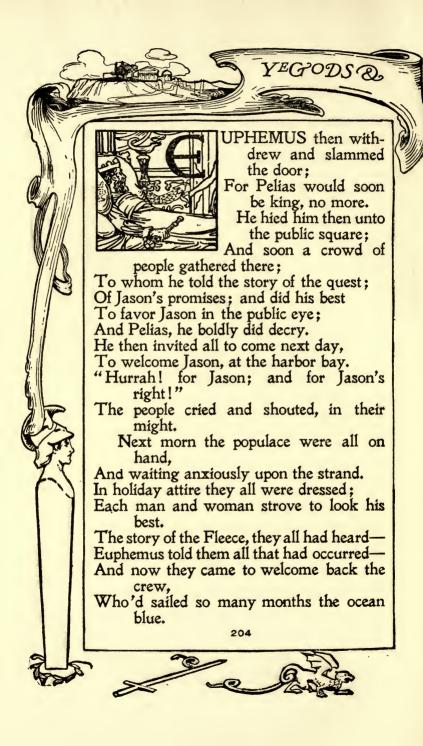


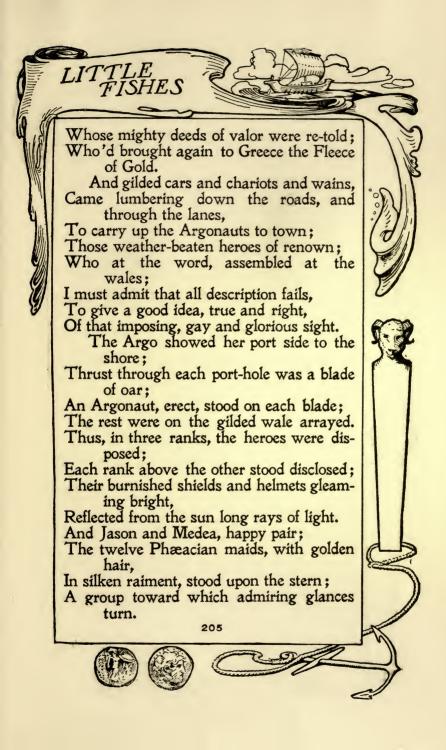


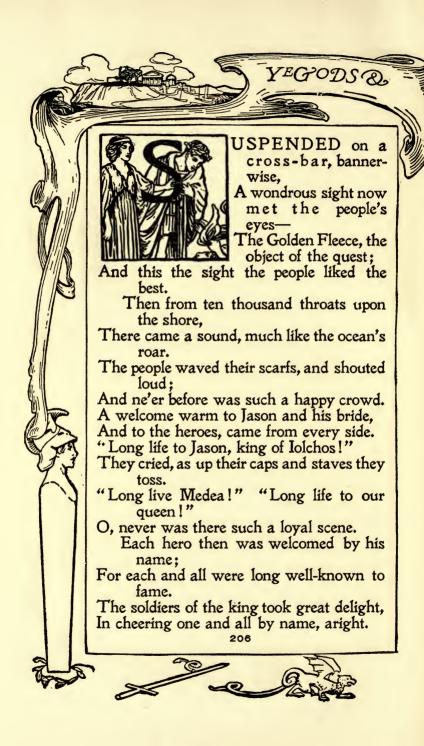


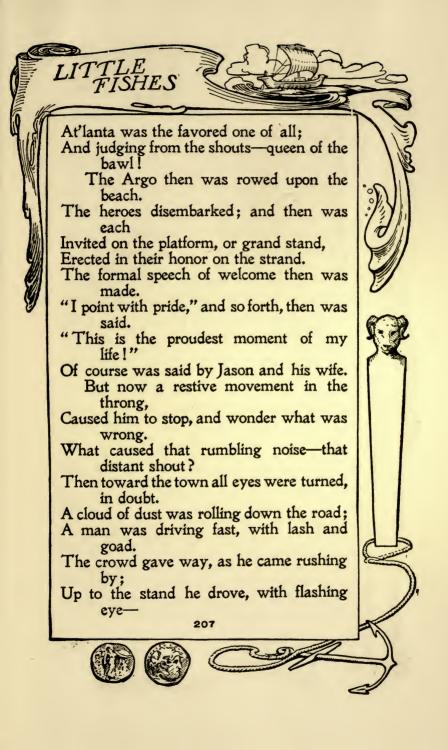


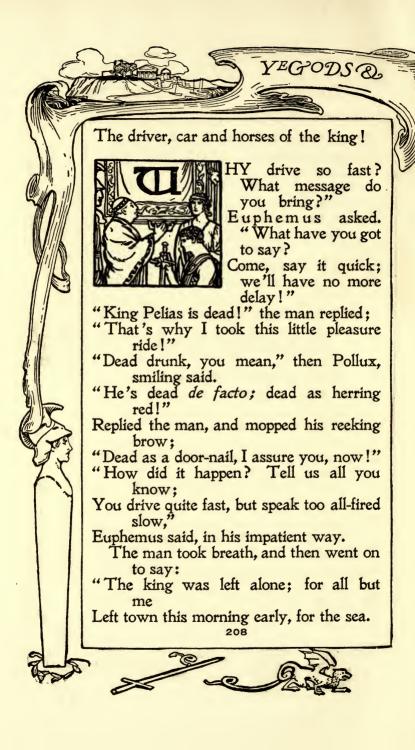


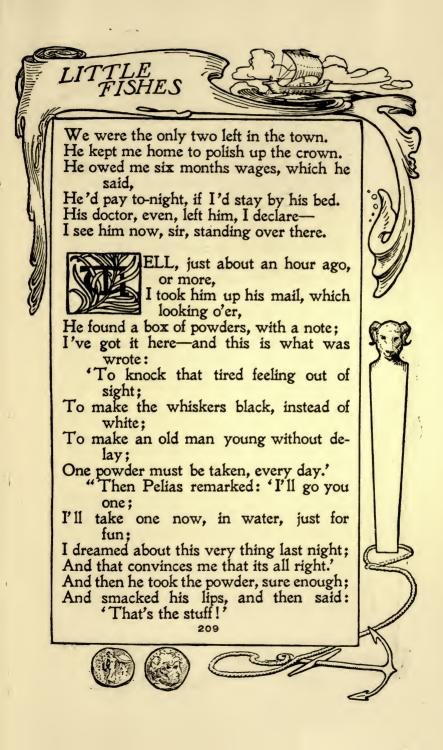


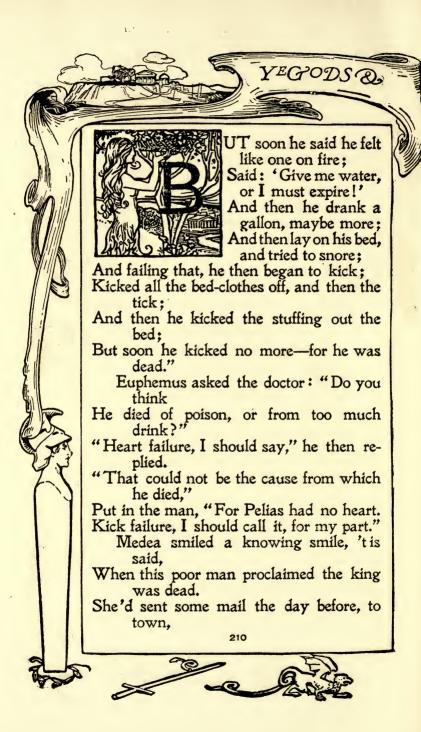


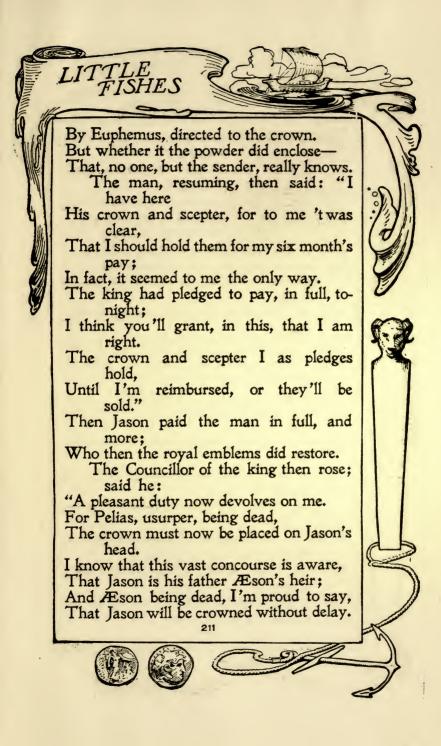


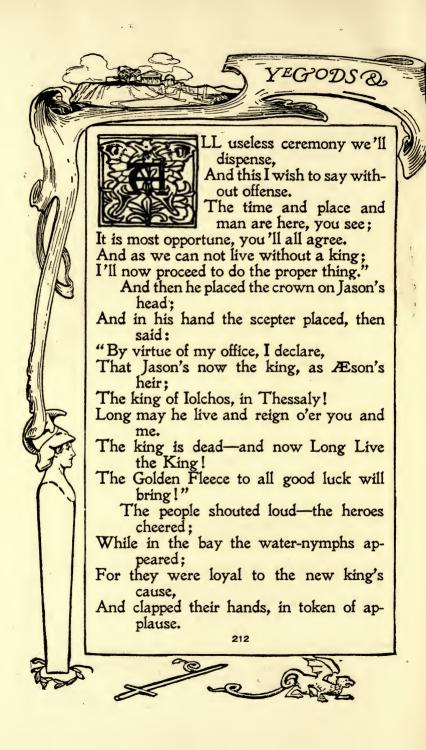


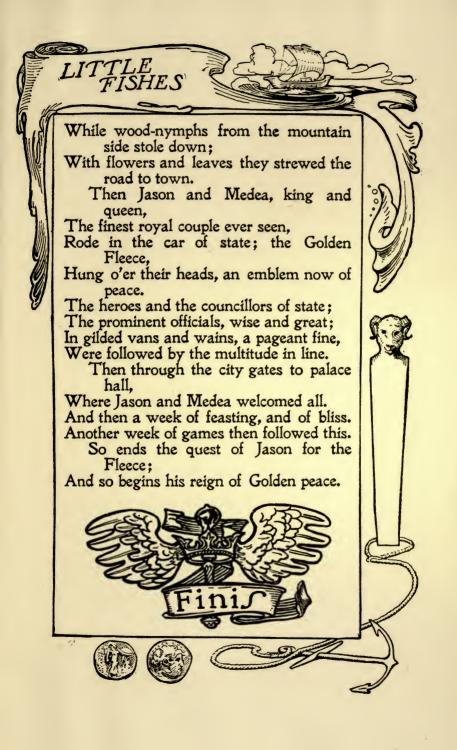


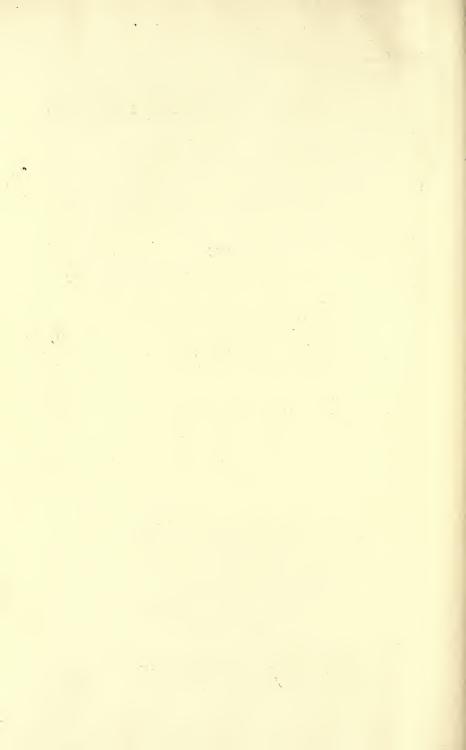






















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